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on Porn**

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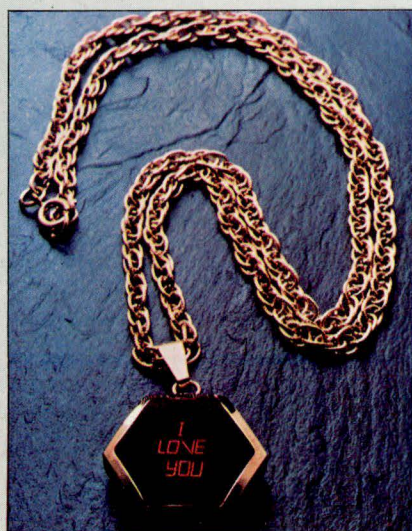
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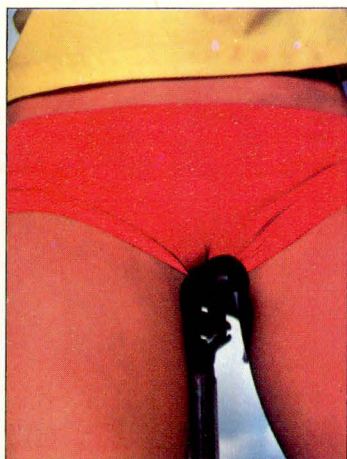
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SHOW & TELL

NO FOOLING



In the spring, a young man's fancy turns to sex and adventure, and no man need look any further than this issue to satisfy his urges. **SHERE HITE** wrote about women's urges in her book *The Hite Report*, which is expected to sell nearly 500,000 copies this spring. Knowing *HUSTLER*'s reputation for giving readers what they'll find nowhere else, photographer **SAM MENNING** brought us some photos of Shere showing pink. We combined those with Associate Editor **TIM CONAWAY**'s comments on Hite's book to give you a more stimulating version of **THE HITE REPORT**.

Reporting on adventure is something **MILT MACHLIN**, a former *Argosy* editor, knows about. He's also the author of *Pipeline*, a novel about the controversial oil industry project in Alaska. Milt presents a shocking picture of murder on the high seas in **THE NEW PIRATES: DRUG RUNNERS**. They give yachtsmen some hair-raising experiences.

Associate Editor **MICHAEL TOOHEY** discusses how a hairy body can be a hard-on-raising experience in **BODY HAIR: THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT**, this month's **SEX PLAY**. Mike continues his series of informative articles compiled from late-night research and, in this case, a little hair between his teeth.

Another kind of hare, the Playboy bunny, had its whiskers bitten off by photographer **SUZE RANDALL**, who became frustrated with Hefner's refusal to feature pink shots. There's more about it in her new book *Suze* (Dell Publishing), on sale in May at bookstores around the country. Suze's behind-the-camera debut for *HUSTLER* goes "further than I've gone before" with our centerfold, **ALLISON: A TOUCH OF CLASS**, who'll help you make it through the night.

Cuddling up to your old lady, a six-pack and a radio playing country music is another way to make it through a warm spring night. You'll probably hear some hit songs by **JOHN AUSTIN PAYCHECK**, the subject of this month's profile. We get an accurate picture of this ever-changing renegade singer from **JOHN MORTHLAND**, who has worked for *Rolling Stone*, *Creem* and *Real Paper*. He's also reported on music stars in *Chic*, *Oui* and *Country Music* magazines.

Stars from various fields of entertainment, like **PETER FONDA**, **FANNE FOXE**, **HANK WILLIAMS, JR.**, **TONY RANDALL** and others, have ventured forth with their views on erotic entertainment in **CELEBRITIES SPEAK OUT ON PORN**. Four others, including **HENRY KISSINGER**, offered us no comment.

Our readers don't need spring's encouragement to comment on erotic movies. We asked these year-round theatergoers to help erotic film critics and the *HUSTLER* staff choose the films and stars for **HUSTLER'S FIRST ANNUAL EROTIC MOVIE AWARDS**.

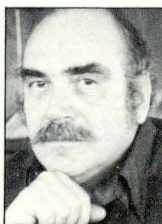
Contributing photographer **BOB VEZE** takes us on a star trek in the far-out adventure **SPACE PROBE**, and unfolds some hot Latin sensuality in **MARNI: TACO BELLE**. Bob has also contributed to *Chic*, our sister publication.

As a final salute to spring, Articles Editor **MARK BAKER** explores the primitive urges of a modern species of primates in **GORILLA**, this month's *HUSTLER* fiction. Mark's insights and adventures form the basis for a hard-hitting short story, which is as strong as his article on VD in *HUSTLER*, December 1976.

Look this issue over. It's a sure cure for spring fever.

—Althea Flynt

Associate Publisher/Editorial Director



Machlin



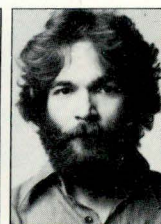
Randall



Morthland



Veze



Baker

HUSTLER

7

STATEMENT

9

FEEDBACK

13

SEX BITS

14

ADVISE & CONSENT

17

BITS & PIECES

Raunchy Recipe, Ad
Fantasy and Egg Delicacy

25

SEX PLAY:
BODY HAIR

The Long and Short of It
by Michael Toohey

29

X-RATED REVIEWS

32

FIRST ANNUAL
EROTIC
MOVIE AWARDS

Reader Erection Rating

38

SPACE PROBE
Interstellar Heat

48

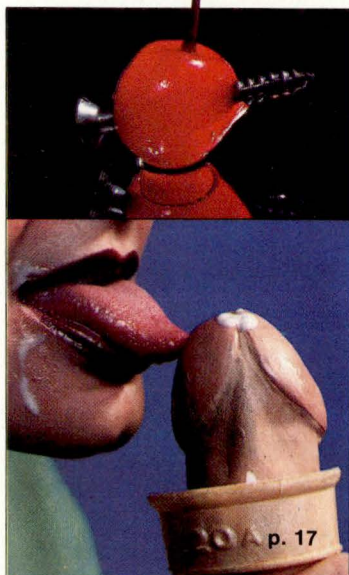
HUSTLER PROFILE:
JOHN AUSTIN
PAYCHECK

Pickin' on Nashville
by John Morthland

54

CENTERFOLD:
ALLISON

A Touch of Class



p. 17



p. 80



p. 54



p. 38



p. 71

64

HUSTLER HUMOR

66

THE NEW PIRATES:
DRUG RUNNERS

High Seas Hijackers
by Milt Machlin

71

THE HITE REPORT
The Spread of Feminism

76

GORILLA

Law of the Jungle
Fiction by Mark Baker

80

MARNI

Taco Belle

87

CELEBRITIES
SPEAK OUT
ON PORN

Star-Studded Survey

99

AMATEUR

BEAVER HUNT
Muffed Exhibition

105

KINKY KORNER

The Great Big Suck
by Mrs. M.H.

112

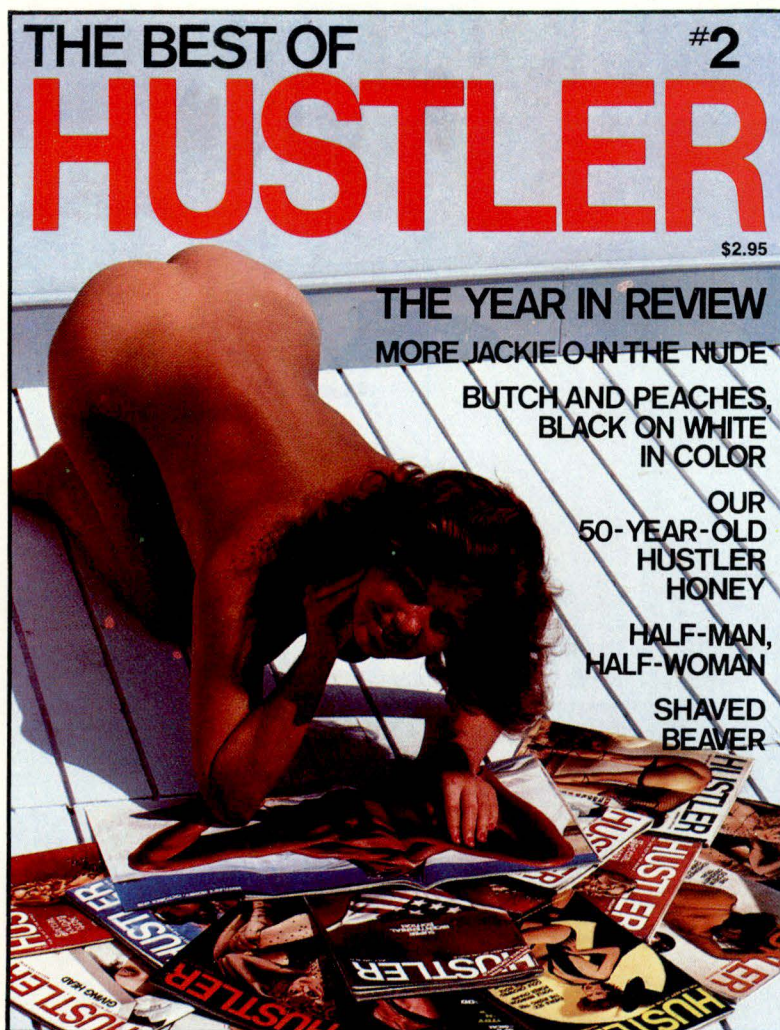
HONEY HOOKER

Union Maid
by Howard Darden

116

MAIL-ORDER
FEEDBACK

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Pussy Funnels



ANYONE UP FOR SECONDS?

Let's face it, trying to keep up with HUSTLER isn't easy. We move fast—especially off the newsstands.

In case you missed copping a favorite HUSTLER piece last year, we're offering you another chance to score with *The Best of HUSTLER #2*—a gland-popping anthology of our second year's finest pictorials, editorial features and bent humor.

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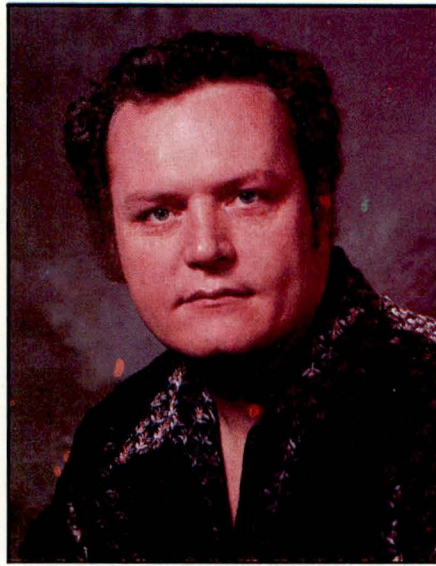
HUSTLER APRIL 1977 VOL. 3 NO. 10
U. S. subscriptions \$18 for one year. Foreign \$21

Second-class postage paid at Columbus, Ohio, and at additional mailing offices.
Printed in U.S.A.



Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations

STATEMENT



FINGERS IN THE TILL

Just before the paragraph in the U. S. Constitution that contains the presidential oath of office, there is a clause that sets limits on the income of a U. S. president. Nearly 200 years ago, Alexander Hamilton stressed that this provision in the Constitution is one of the most important.

Yet during the past two decades government abuse of power has grown so shamefully that public officials now act with total disregard for the law. And the law restricting the income of a U. S. president is just one of many in which this trend is apparent.

As you know, the president's salary cannot be increased or decreased while he is in office. Besides his \$200,000 annual salary, we give him free occupancy of the White House, limousine and airplane service, and the use of the Camp David, Maryland, retreat, as

well as other compensations. But for the president to receive any other benefits—as if all these weren't enough—is not only unethical, it is illegal.

According to federal law, anyone who converts government money or property to his personal use can be sentenced to ten years in prison and fined up to \$10,000. A president who commits such an act can be impeached on these grounds alone.

Congress is also forbidden to appropriate any sums for the protection of a president if any part of that allotment is used to upgrade the president's personal fortune. Richard Nixon, under the guise of installing security improvements at San Clemente and Key Biscayne, stole millions of dollars from American taxpayers in things of value, in money and in labor.

Of course, Nixon now rests comfortably at San Clemente at

continued taxpayers' expense. And he doesn't have to worry about being charged with illegal use of government property and funds because Jerry Ford's blanket pardon covers any crimes Nixon might have committed while in office.

I hope that the new administration responds to the outrage of American citizens at these abuses by previous executives and that it makes every effort to remain within the bounds that are established in this important section of our Constitution. Perhaps this can be the first step toward eliminating the government's abuse of power.

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Larry Flynt".

Editor & Publisher



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FEEDBACK

NYLONS AND FUR

Your February issue was loaded with fetish material. I loved Annie, the centerfold. I loved this natural blonde with blonde pussy hair and blonde hair on her legs and inner thighs. Too bad you didn't show blonde hair in her armpits.

And Chastity was a treat to behold. I really got turned on by her black hair and sweet asshole. The bra, panties, garters, nylons and shiny, black silk corset flipped me out.

Name Withheld by Request
Rochester, New York

CUTTING REMARKS

It's bad enough that you have to show mutilated bodies from Vietnam, but to follow it up by making fun of handicapped people ("Stumped for Laughs," February 1977 issue) really does it to me. Handicapped people have a hard time in life, and we should help them, not laugh at them. Mentally handicapped people like Joe Kohl need help, too. That crap should be burned rather than published. You may be handicapped someday, and you'll regret ever printing those cartoons.

D. P.
Indianapolis, Indiana

You caught a lot of shit about "prejudiced humor" in *Feedback* ("Black Day for Cartoons," January '77). I just want to know why blacks piss and moan about "racial slurs" but feel it's all right to slam a white in the cartoons? Man, if you can't laugh at yourself, you don't deserve to laugh at anyone! I'm 100 percent Polish and proud of it, yet I can laugh at any Polack joke around. It's time people learned to laugh at themselves.

Keep up your excellent work, and if any more letters come down on your style, tell the writers to pound salt up their asses—nobody forces them to read your magazine.

M. P.
U.S.N.
FPO New York, New York

I like your magazine, especially the cartoons. It's not *HUSTLER* that has a poor sense of humor, it's the readers. I wish you would publish more cartoons than you do now.

Virginia Lewis
Northern Virginia, Virginia

PREGNANT THOUGHT

I just received my February 1977 *HUSTLER* and wanted to compliment you.

The pictures of the pregnant women ("A Pregnant Moment") were great. I hope there will be more of the same. How about an Amateur Beaver Hunters' section for pregnant women?

Name Withheld by Request
Florissant, Missouri

POSTING A PROTEST

I thought your "Open Letter to President Carter" in the February 1977 issue was excellent.



I recently resigned from my position as assistant supervisor of special education after a 16-year career. My resignation was a protest against the grim bureaucracy that our public educational system has become—a bureaucracy that is rigid, self-serving and often hostile to the parents and children it is supposed to serve.

A change is long overdue in public education, just as it is in the massive federal, state and local government bureaucracies. My husband and I enthusiastically support your criticism of the all-volunteer army and applaud your conception of the two-year public-service hitch.

Marilyn Colborn
Edgewater, Maryland

RHYME AND REASON

I am a published poet, *HUSTLER* fan and Vietnam war veteran. Your recent article exposing the brutal truth about Vietnam, and war in general, was an excellent and necessary piece of journalism. *Time* and *Newsweek* must surely stand in your shadow on this one.

Although I'm a bit weary of writing war poetry, I realize we often forget the ugliness of war, leaving an unguarded path for its return. Nevertheless, your article inspired this poem.

John T. Stigner
Phoenix, Arizona

I AM WAR

*I am war.
Listen to my cracked
and bleeding voice.*

*Hear me
in the sobbing of a widow,
hear me in the whimpers
of her child.
It won't be difficult,
for I am war
and very loud.*

*I smell of blood and vomit,
incinerated flesh
and hair, despair.
I smell of shallow graves.*

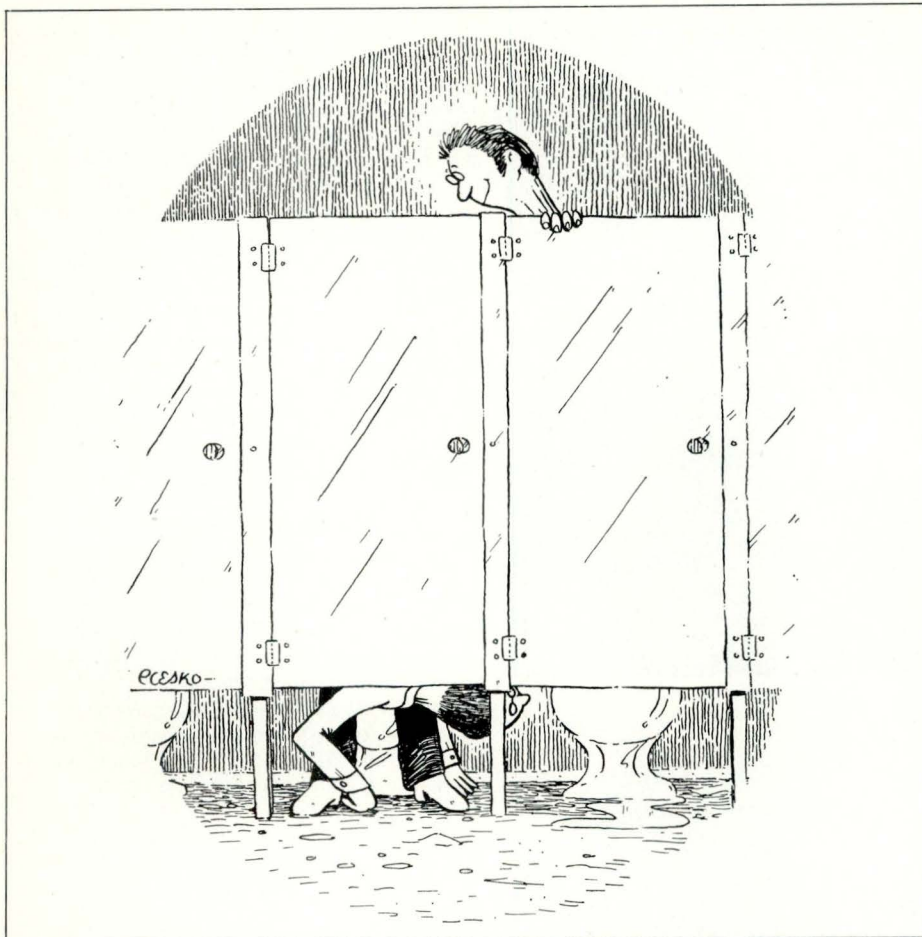
*Watch me,
if your stomach's made of iron.
I'll crush, I'll rip,
I'll gut your son
and gargle with his blood.
I'll dance upon his torn
and twisted corpse,
for I am war.*

*How quickly I'm forgotten
when, for a time,
I step the other way.*

How quickly I return.

*Listen for my cracked
and bleeding voice.*

I am war.



I just purchased my first HUSTLER and want to give my opinion of it. Let's face it, you publish HUSTLER to turn people on, and the pictures, cartoons and articles certainly do that. At least that's what I thought until I saw "The Real Obscenity: War" (January 1977 issue). I realize what the terrors and horrors of war are but never expected to see them in a magazine devoted to entertainment. The pictures actually made me sick, and I probably won't be able to sleep tonight. Therefore, I just wanted to tell you what you could do with your crummy magazine: SHOVE IT UP YOUR ASS!

An Ex-reader
Lynn, Massachusetts

I congratulate you on your excellent comment and pictorial "The Real Obscenity: War." A more truthful and honest approach could not be presented. If newscast reporters had shown these photos, the American people would have been outraged much sooner about the war. But the press's casual disinterest with the war only encouraged more deceit by the government. You'd be even more disgusted if you knew how our tax dollars were being spent in Korea, Japan and the Philippines.

I have been in the navy for 12 years and am presently stationed at Moffett Field, California. About six months ago, HUSTLER was removed from the magazine racks at the base exchange. I logged what appears to be a useless complaint with the exchange office. I would like all military personnel to complain to their exchange officers

to reinstate HUSTLER. It probably won't work, but it's worth a try.

Edmund J. Hartwell
Milpitas, California

Any support will be greatly appreciated. Ultimately, it all helps in some way.

Your article "The Real Obscenity: War" sucks, you son of a bitch. I will never buy your shit magazine again. I agree with the courts that are trying to convict your trashy magazine. I hope they hang you by the balls.

I'm an ex-marine grunt who fought in Vietnam instead of running away. We fought in Vietnam to stop the Commies from getting over here. I only regret that you are allowed to live among those who fought to keep assholes like you free to print your shit.

Ex-marine who's been there
Canton, Ohio

As an avid reader of your magazine and an advocate of the rights and privileges enjoyed in our country, I salute your fantastic comment "The Real Obscenity: War."

Actually, it didn't reveal anything new. But it brought into the open what has been swept under the carpet for too long. I agree that the pictures were obscene, but then war is a gross fact of life—a fact of life hidden conveniently from the American public too long.

Thank you, sir, for being a true American who is

courageously down to earth. Keep up the good work in your great magazine.

BMSN John R. Allen
USN
FPO San Francisco, California

I am writing because you deserve honor and recognition for your January 1977 "war" issue. I thought it was the funniest and yet most serious work of art I have ever seen. At \$2.25 it's a pretty steep price, but what the fuck. Right?

Jim Callahan
Columbus, Ohio

MUFFKETEER

After having read the "Unbiased Consumer's Guide to Men's Magazines" (January 1977 issue), I knew I had finally found someone with the knowledge and expertise to help me out. I've heard that a men's magazine recently featured ex-Mouseketeer Doreen Tracey in the nude.

The explanation as to why I am so curious about Doreen is quite simple: I am a victim of multiple sclerosis and cannot work any longer. So I spend much of my time seeking pleasure "between the ears." Since the old Mickey Mouse Club TV show was a staple of my younger years, seeing Doreen in a photographic layout would be an excellent combination of nostalgic and erotic gratification.

I have written to Playboy about this, but they have not replied. I feel that HUSTLER is more likely to cooperate.

Fred Conrad
Racine, Wisconsin

HUSTLER has contacted Doreen Tracey about showing her mousy muff for a future issue. Stay tuned to us and you'll get more nostalgia than you bargained for.

STERN REPROACHES

I have never seen an uglier girl in a magazine than "Constance: From Stern to Stern" in the January 1977 issue of HUSTLER. She may be 28 years old, but she looks like she's 40. It's not that I dislike older women, just ugly ones, especially in the nude. You make fun of other magazines and their use of Vaseline, yet you feature some sleazy greaser who wears so much slop on her face that it shines. And her nipples grossed me out to the max. I'll bet that a large number of readers feel the same way I do.

William Collins
Atlanta, Georgia

I wrote to you once before asking about HUSTLER featuring older women. After seeing "Constance," I wish to cancel my request before I cancel my subscription.

Bob Kilgore
Miami, Florida

CHOICE ASSHOLES

I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw our illustrious Mussolini (Earl Smith) as "Asshole of

the Month" (January 1977 issue). You grabbed old Shitty Smitty by the balls, which are attached to his chin. Smith runs Palm Beach police like the robots in the movie *Westworld*.

Smith is too busy sucking up to the millionaires to care about the people who read HUSTLER. I didn't want the readers who plan to spend their vacations in Florida to judge the state by one asshole.

Even though I don't live there anymore, it was still nice to see Smitty get his.

Kenneth S. Moree
Baytown, Texas

I'm a regular reader of your magazine who enjoys the "Asshole of the Month" section the most. I am wondering how I could get Investigator Sergeant Davis of the Dodge County Sheriff's Department, Fremont, Nebraska, into the "Asshole" slot. Davis has tried to get the county attorney to file a complaint against HUSTLER, but he wouldn't file one.

Name and Address
Withheld by Request

I'm no literary giant. I'm just pissed off and want to give a loud and clear bitch about Robert Jackson, district judge in the Crowley, Louisiana, area. It seems that he's become the "decider" on what is obscene. Even though *Playboy*, *Gallery*, etc., are given the go-ahead, HUSTLER is put down. Why?

HUSTLER should dig into his past and expose him for what he really is. You could contact his college roommates and find out if the magazines he calls "good" are not the same ones he beat his meat to. It's high time that HUSTLER took a peek into the lives of these bastards who decide what is right.

In a real democracy, laws are made by and for the people. If the people would openly rebel against the bastards who attempt to rule us, we could change a lot of horseshit laws that take away our basic freedoms. HUSTLER, let the common people see who really controls them.

Name and Address
Withheld by Request

AD-PLAUSE

Congratulations on an outstanding addition to your already fine magazine—Steve Sayadian and Aaron Kass. Their cigarette ad (December 1976 issue) and Madison Avenue put-down (January 1977 issue) were worth the price of the magazines. I hope we will see much more of Steve's and Aaron's creativity in future issues of HUSTLER.

Eric Matlin
Chicago, Illinois

There are just too many uptight people running around, and your magazine is just what this country needs. It's a real shame your ads aren't appreciated for the message they convey. Instead, people misinterpret them.

I'd like to say I like your style. If I had the money to spare, I would definitely subscribe to your

magazine. But as the old saying goes, "I can't give you anything but love, baby."

R. P.
Iselin, New Jersey

AGAINST THE GRAIN

What a low-grade asshole you must be. It is really sad that you are getting away with publishing such shit and selling it to sick perverts throughout the world. HUSTLER is full of nothing but dumb, cheap women who have seemingly attempted and understandably failed to become even below-par models. It's too bad they are so dumb as to resort to posing in such a zero, pits publication.

Who in his right mind would want such obscenity circulating in our already failing society? I, for one, do not, and if I thought I could, I'd have Flynt and his low-class "staff" put away for life.

Name Withheld by Request
Rochester, New York

I can't help but disagree with your position on VD (December 1976 issue). If man would obey the will of God, VD could be wiped out. God commands us not to commit fornication out of wedlock. If all unmarried boys and girls stopped fornicating and if adultery would cease, VD could be stopped.

Henry L. Childs
Pleasanton, Texas

With the same morbid curiosity that one watches an accident, I occasionally pick up a

copy of HUSTLER. Not for the reading material—*Playboy's* is much better. Not for the beavers—*Penthouse's* are far superior. I simply want to see how much shit an ignorant scumbag like Larry Flynt can get away with in one issue. After the December issue, where you hung a false dong on Jimmy Carter (*Bits & Pieces*), I made a New Year's resolution not to buy HUSTLER.

I wish Larry Flynt 1000 obscenity suits, followed by bankruptcy and a long jail sentence. I can just picture the curlyheaded cocksucker in the prison showers with a dong up his ass, one in his mouth while a guy jacks off in his ear. Up your ass in 1977, Larry.

I dare you to print this, you phony cocksucker.

Russ Dulin
Brockton, Massachusetts

TONGUE IN CHIC

Today I bought a copy of HUSTLER's hot and groovy new sister publication, *Chic*, and I think you have really got a winner on your hands. For the first time, an erotic magazine comes out with all that hot ass and none of those distracting words from the model about her personality, etc. Why doesn't HUSTLER use *Chic's* "deaf-mute" models in its open-cunt spreads?

Tibor M. Stiavnický
Chic Fan
Sunnyside, New York

We tried getting models from the local school for the deaf and dumb, but somehow we wound up with only the dumb. With *Chic's* full-page close-ups of smiling beavers, only the reader needs a tongue.



"Well, it certainly has me convinced pornography is harmful."

For trash collectors



HUSTLER Back Issues

EXPRESS CREDIT CARD ORDERING... 24-hour toll-free service.

Order now by calling 1-800-848-9107. (In Ohio, call: 1-800-282-9218.) \$15 MINIMUM

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PLEASE PRINT

Name _____ Date _____

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City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Enclosed is my ☐ check ☐ money order (cash not accepted),
or charge to my ☐ BA ☐ MC:

Interbank No.	Exp. Date	mo.	year
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Signature _____

BACK ISSUES

... We still have a limited supply of most back issues (April, May, June, July and November '75 are sold out) ... **SO ORDER NOW.** Just fill out the coupon, or call in your credit card order TODAY!

- | | | | |
|----------------------------------|--|----------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> JUL '74 | <input type="checkbox"/> MAR '75 | <input type="checkbox"/> MAY '76 | <input type="checkbox"/> B.O.H. #1 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> AUG '74 | <input type="checkbox"/> AUG '75 (\$5) | <input type="checkbox"/> JUN '76 | <input type="checkbox"/> (\$2.75) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> SEP '74 | <input type="checkbox"/> OCT '75 | <input type="checkbox"/> JUL '76 | <input type="checkbox"/> JAN '77 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> OCT '74 | <input type="checkbox"/> DEC '75 | <input type="checkbox"/> AUG '76 | <input type="checkbox"/> FEB '77 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> NOV '74 | <input type="checkbox"/> JAN '76 | <input type="checkbox"/> SEP '76 | <input type="checkbox"/> MAR '77 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> DEC '74 | <input type="checkbox"/> FEB '76 | <input type="checkbox"/> OCT '76 | <input type="checkbox"/> B.O.H. #2 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> JAN '75 | <input type="checkbox"/> MAR '76 | <input type="checkbox"/> NOV '76 | <input type="checkbox"/> (\$2.95) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> FEB '75 | <input type="checkbox"/> APR '76 | <input type="checkbox"/> DEC '76 | |

I have checked _____ issues @ \$2.25 each, totaling \$ _____

_____ Aug. '75 issues (Jackie O nude photos) @ \$5 each
_____ (B.O.H.) Best of HUSTLER '75 (#6101) @ \$2.75 each

Subtotal \$ _____

Ohio residents, add 4% sales tax

Postage, handling and insurance 50¢

TOTAL \$ _____

Money order and credit card purchases will be shipped in 5 working days or less. All orders are discreetly packed and promptly delivered. (Add \$2 for foreign orders.)

Sex Bits

WORLD SEX NEWS ROUNDUP

Telerotica

40 West Gay Street
Columbus, Ohio 43215

Dr. William Moss, a California surgeon, has perfected a technique for sterilizing men that is faster and less painful than the traditional vasectomy. The new procedure takes only ten minutes to perform and the only anesthetic needed is aspirin.

Dr. Moss makes an incision so small—less than one-tenth of an inch—that no stitches are necessary, thus sparing the patient the pain and soreness that he might have suffered with the old technique. Most men are able to walk away from the operation with no discomfort when this new procedure is used.

But like the traditional vasectomy this technique has a drawback: The operation can't always be reversed.

A mentally retarded white woman and her married black boyfriend have each received the maximum one-year sentence allowed by Georgia law for fornication and adultery. At last report, the woman had been released after serving four months of her sentence while her boyfriend was still confined in the state prison. Both were first offenders.

The pair was sentenced by Piedmont Circuit Court Judge Mark Dunahoo. Dunahoo explained his sentencing of the pair philosophically: "People do that every day, don't they? There's the caught and the uncaught."

A Dade County Circuit Court jury has awarded Richard Collier, 34, of San Francisco, \$25,000 in damages after he received liquid silicone injections from Dr. B.G. Gross, a Miami Beach dermatologist. Gross injected the silicone into Collier's cock in an effort to make it larger, and in the process Collier was rendered permanently impotent and incapable of sensation. Gross is under investigation for allegedly having given silicone injections to at least eight other men and more than 100 women who wanted their breasts enlarged.

Injections of liquid silicone have been banned by order of the Food and Drug Administration because the material is unstable and separates into nodules once it is inside the body. After receiving treatment from Gross, Collier underwent an operation to have most of the silicone nodules removed, and two solid silicone rods were inserted to replace the tissue destroyed by the liquid.

Idus Wicker, Gross's attorney, claimed that Collier had homosexual drives and that this factor should be considered by the jury. Wicker also told the jury: "This is an effort to discredit Dr. Gross, who believes heart and soul that silicone is a boon to mankind."

The West German Supreme Court has ruled that a prostitute is entitled to be compensated for loss of earnings due to another person's carelessness. The court upheld a Munich call girl's claim for money she lost as the result of temporarily disabling injuries received in a car accident. The businesswoman asked the court to grant her the equivalent of \$2300, an amount the justices slapped down as being too generous "for a job as immoral as prostitution." However, the court agreed that she should receive enough to pay her basic expenses while recuperating.

The city of Albuquerque keeps a file of "pornography" open to the public, but if you want to see it, you'll have to stand in line behind city employees and reporters. City Clerk Mary Lou Cooper is kept busy with demands for the file, which contains some juicy hard-core material and is maintained at City Hall for the benefit of the anti-obscenity board.

"It is a public file and any citizen has the right to look at the material," says Cooper. "City workers and reporters are probably the biggest abusers of the file."

Frank J. Fryson, Jr., a 25-year old Elyria, Ohio man, was forced to take desperate measures to make sure he got his monthly copy of HUSTLER. Fryson was found guilty of stealing a copy of HUSTLER from a local cigar store and after spending over a month and a half in jail awaiting trial drew a \$100 fine plus court costs and a suspended six-month jail sentence. We know HUSTLER's a steal for the money, but if Mr. Fryson, Jr., writes us, we'll give him a free three-year subscription.—Michael Sheeter

ADVISE & CONSENT

Advise & Consent is a reader-oriented column that is designed to provide answers regarding sexual questions, fetishes, hang-ups or other problems of a personal nature. This column is solely an educational feature and is not intended to replace the advice and care of a doctor. If you would like to question HUSTLER about whatever is on your mind, direct your letter to HUSTLER Magazine, Advise & Consent Editor, 40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215.

Edited by Pat Ryan

I really enjoy kissing, and it arouses me more than anything else. My boyfriend likes oral sex and kissing on every part of the body, but he has an aversion to kissing me on the mouth. This has been very frustrating for me. Is there anything I can do to make him like it?

M. S.
Fort Worth, Texas

You can't force him to like kissing, particularly if he isn't willing to make the effort. Kissing is linked with romanticism, and this may be his silent way of avoiding closeness and affection. Your re-

lationship should determine whether he's doing this or if he's operating under some unconscious negative association about kissing on the mouth. You'll have to take him without kisses or, if he's willing, discover the nature of his aversion and work it out.

I am in great need of a solution to my problem. I am a homosexual and don't want to be. It has been affecting my relationship with women. If I am in bed with a woman, I can't get a hard-on and that is very embarrassing. I love women and really want to fuck them, but I am afraid and don't know why. I don't care for a man mentally but really do physically. I love a well-built man and a huge cock. A lot of women like me and I like them. Someday I would like to get married and have a houseful of babies. Please help me.

Name Withheld by Request
Dallas, Texas

You seem very confused about your sexuality and seem pressured by society's dictates on heterosexuality and marriage. If you're gay, you might just as well accept it and stop making yourself miserable. If your homosexuality is only a convenient way to avoid intercourse with women, seek professional help.

I have a problem that I'm ashamed of. I am a 19-year-old male with a heavy beard and hairy legs and abdomen. However, I have little hair on my chest and I was wondering if this could be a sign of lack of hormones. I really wanted hair on my chest. Can you tell me if hormone treatments are the answer?

G. W.
Sweetwater, Texas

If you were lacking testosterone, the male hormone that determines secondary sex characteristics, you would not have a heavy beard or hairy legs and stomach. Hormone treatments won't do a thing. What are you ashamed of? A chest with little or no hair can be just as sexy as one with a lot. Many women prefer minimal hair on the chest, and the growth on your face and stomach is attractive in its own right. Chest hair has nothing to do with attractiveness, sexiness or masculinity. That comes from within. You're not lacking hormones, just self-confidence.

My problem is strange. I'm a male in my late teens with fatty breasts that are flabby and stick out. I'm a little overweight. My friends told me it was from smoking pot, but I don't know if this is true. It's very embarrassing. Is there anything I can do to make my breasts smaller?

Name Withheld by Request
Quincy, California

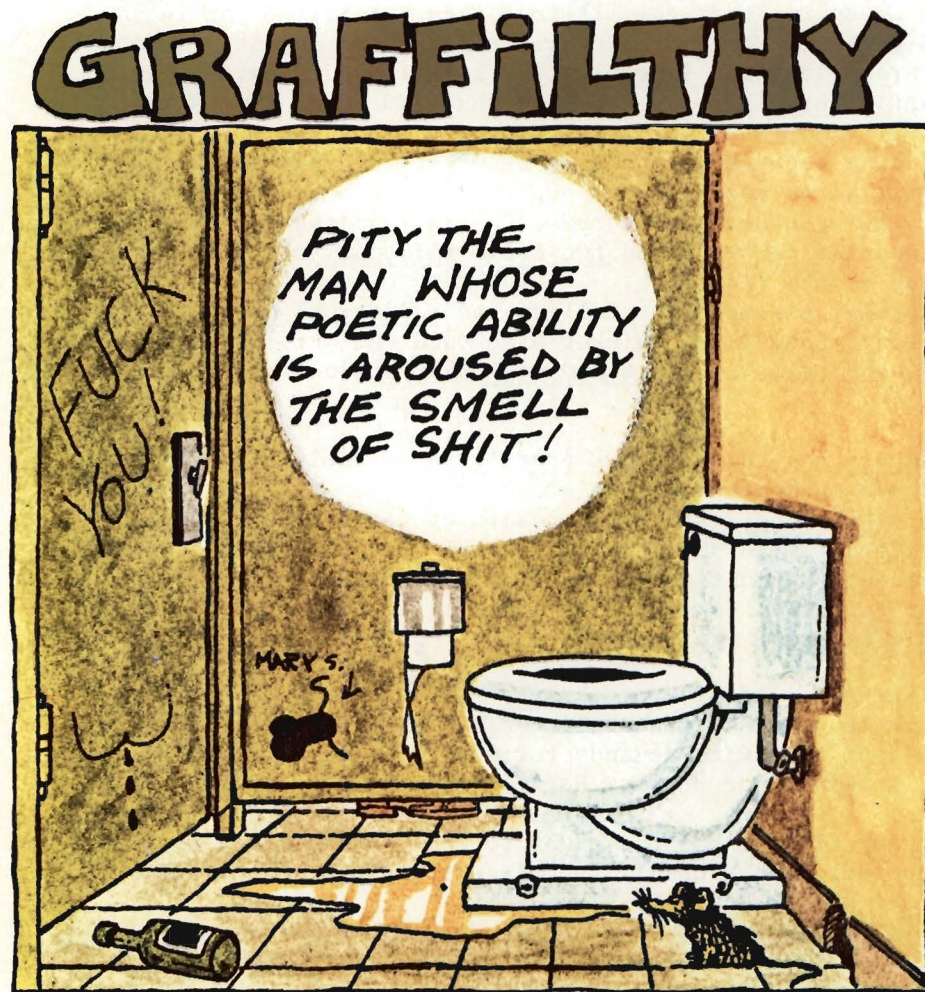
Yeah, you can lose weight and forget the reefer theory. A few years ago a doctor thought the active ingredient in grass was similar to a female sex hormone and could lead to increased male breast size, but that well-publicized conjecture has since been refuted. Bear in mind that men's breasts vary in size just as women's do. A majority of pubescent boys develop some temporary breast enlargement (gynecomastia) due to the endocrine changes that the body is experiencing. Time and weight loss will probably solve the problem. Endocrine medication or surgery can remove the excessive tissue, but this is done only after physical maturity indicates that it is a permanent condition.

I am 18 years old and just delivered a baby girl. My problem is stretch marks. They are horrible. The back of my legs, hips, ass and tits are covered with them. At 118 pounds my figure is fairly nice, but the stretch marks are embarrassing. I know there are hundreds of mothers with this problem. What can I do?

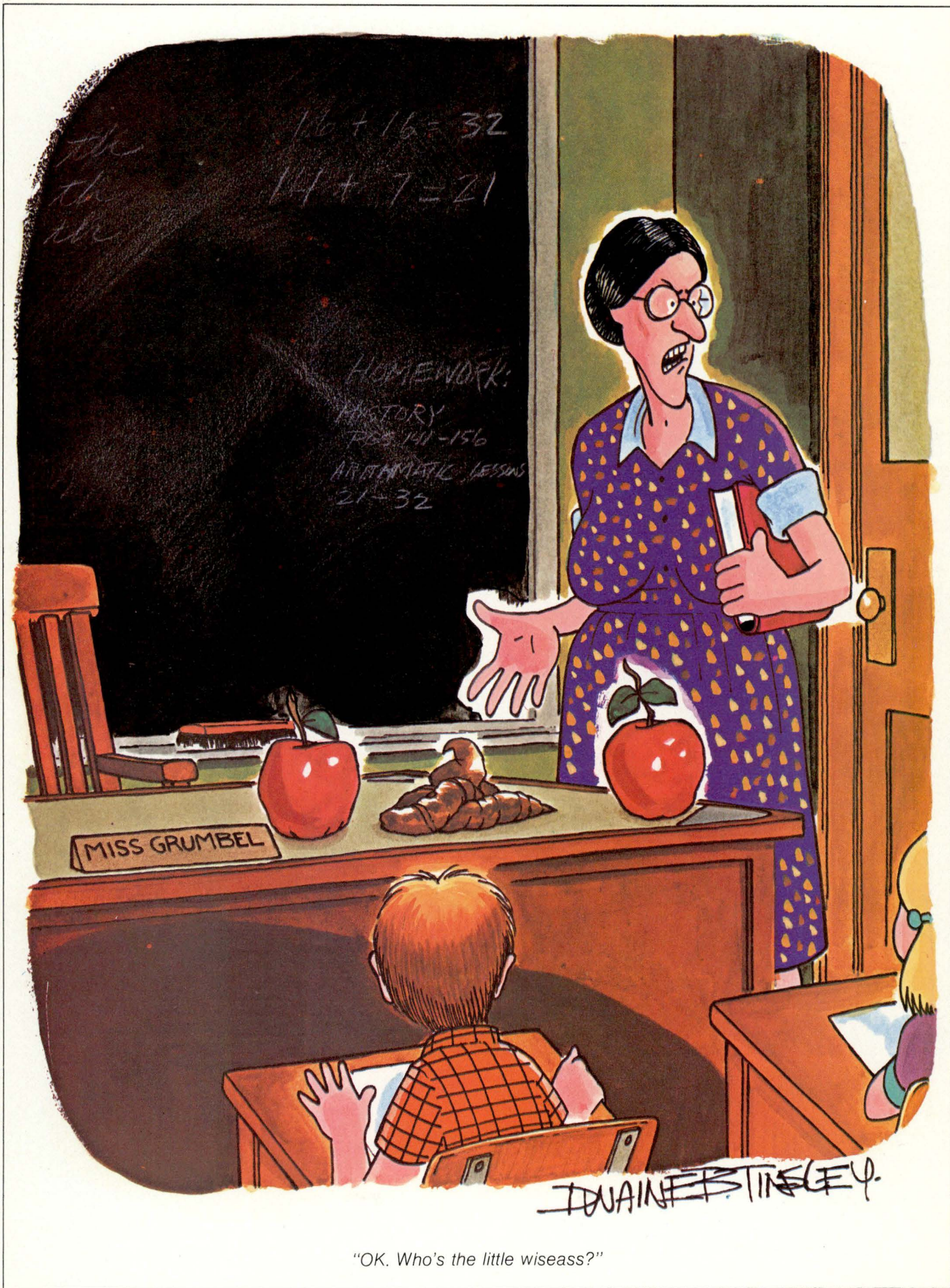
H. M.
Kansas City, Missouri

Stretch marks are scar tissue, and there is really nothing you can do about them. The younger you are, the more likely it is that the marks will become less and less noticeable as time passes. However, they will never disappear entirely, and if you gain weight they will become more prominent. Don't bother being embarrassed about the marks; they're far too common.

(continued on page 109)



THANKYA R. BROOKE — MONTGOMERY, PA.



DAVID B. STINELEY

"OK. Who's the little wiseass?"

The portable projector can be held in one hand, leaving your other hand free to grab popcorn, licorice whips or any other treat in your lap. Plus, if you order now, LEASURE TIME will send you one free movie from the list below. Batteries and popcorn are not included.

Down in Front.

HU477

Money order and credit card purchases will be shipped in 5 working days or less. All orders are discreetly packed and promptly delivered. (Add \$2 for foreign orders.) Quantity orders invited.

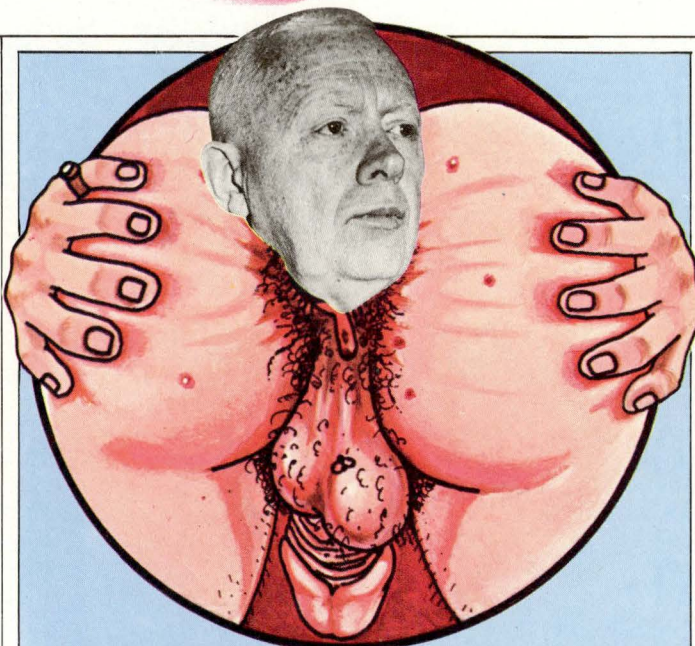


Bits & Pieces

One of the antiporn mob's most active ringleaders is Father Morton Hill, a Jesuit priest who is this month's "Asshole" and the president of Morality in Media Inc. MM's followers are the usual assortment of misfits, religious cranks and dog-faced virgins, and they have recently stepped up their efforts to regulate the sex lives of normal people.

Hill's Morality in Media runs the newly established National Obscenity Law Center, a legal research facility for sex-hating prosecutors. These half-wits can call on the center for information, precedents and research assistance to aid them in their goal of taking sex out of American lives. In doing this, these shit-sifting Pollyannas make freedom of the press an obscene parody of itself.

We can understand why the sewer rats who prosecute porn need help. None of them is able to give a legal definition to porn, and they cannot prove that erotica is harmful in any way. On top of that, the defense attorneys for accused pornographers take unfair advantage by being smarter than the antiporn shysters. Bearing this in mind, Hill has established the National Obscenity Law



ASSHOLE of the month

Center, which will be compiling a Porno Trial Manual for censorship-crazed attorneys who need help using the phone to call the center.

Obviously these pathetic crotch stains are trying to make a name for themselves by taking up a crusade against

sex. However, they need to be led along by the hand. And with Hill and his group in charge, it's a case of the limp leading the limp. We can imagine what the trial manual's instructions will be like: "First, find a black hood for the judge. Then light a bonfire...."

No doubt Father Hill has some other advanced notions, especially when it comes to your sex life. He wants all of us to have a sex life as healthy as his own, which means a life with no sex at all.

Whether men like Hill are hawking censorship or copper bracelets to cure arthritis, they can't hide their true nature. Men like this represent a sick and repressed lifestyle that degrades sex. These procensorship perverts are sexual lepers trying to spread their disease to healthy sexual creatures. They secretly wish our cocks would wither and fall off, too, so that everyone would be impotent.

Compared to dealing with these self-styled media morality wizards, rimming a rhesus monkey would seem positively wholesome. And these cretins have the gall to call HUSTLER unnatural. It wasn't that long ago that priests of Hill's order were castrating young boys in order to make them better choir singers.

The custom hasn't died out yet. If you don't stand up to infections like Hill when they fuck with your First Amendment rights, pretty soon you'll be singing along with the rest of the eunuchs.

BURNING RUBBER

What are professional sports coming to? This Corvette, which is sponsored by Population Planning Associates, 403 Jones Ferry Road, Carrboro, North Carolina 27510, startled viewers at the Sports Car Club of America Na-



tional Championship with its sponsor's product emblazoned on it. Texture Plus

Pleasure Dots condoms may appeal to racing fans, but we wonder if they aren't con-

cerned about the integrity of the sport.

Will we see O. J. Simpson sprinting down the hall trying to reach his woman on time with a can of edible feminine deodorant? Will Alex Karras push K-Y Jelly and ben-wa balls while dressed in a ballerina costume? The next thing we'll see is Mark Spitz treading in yellow water in the hopes of unloading enema kits.



Ambrosia of the Gods

For all we know, the man in this picture may have been captured in the act of paying homage to Urethrus, god of toilet training, at a shrine in Naples, Italy. You'll remember that the followers of that old-time religion lived in constant fear of offending the gods, who often sizzled fuck-ups with a lightning bolt the size of Kate Smith. If the man in the picture is trying to suck up to the heavens above, he must have done something pretty heinous to act this sincere. And as you can see, at least one of the gods is plenty pissed. The mortal should be glad that he hasn't angered Urethrus' brother, Dysenterius.

Athletic Supporters

The HUSTLER fans in this photo are members of a softball team in St. Francis, Wisconsin. Sponsored by the Kissinger Barrel Company, the team's members include the local tax assessor, the fire chief and his lieutenant. As for who's who, your guess is as good as ours. (Hint: The fire chief is nicknamed "Pee Wee," but we don't know if it's for obvious reasons.)



At any rate, we're glad to have athletes among our dedicated readers because, when it comes to support, everyone knows you can't beat a jock.



Photo by Dennis Dziedzic

ARE YOU A HOMO?

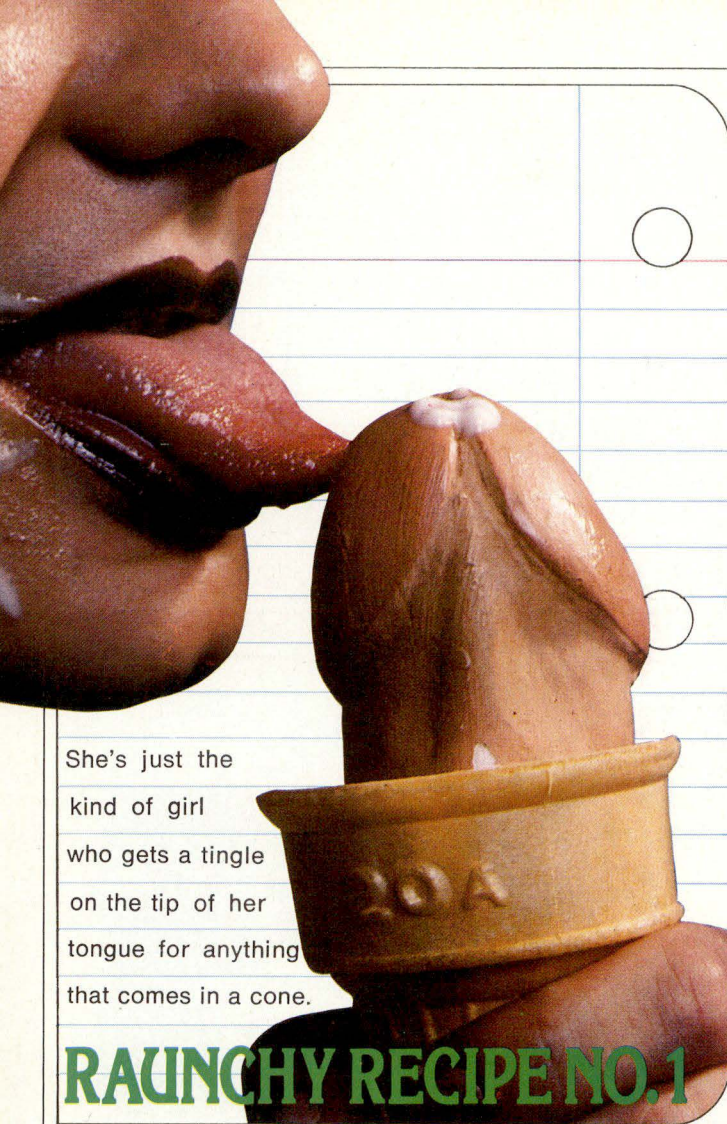
The plaque pictured here is part of a test given to prospective marine corps recruits in order to weed out the ones most likely to drop the soap in the community shower—and enjoy bending over to pick it up. Anyone who sees a man's face in the plaque is—you guessed it—a faggot.

Those who'd like to hang this exam on a wall—or around their neck in a gold-plated pendant—to test their guests should send \$24.95 (plaque) or \$19.95 (pendant) to Leisure Time Products, P. O. Box 2206, Columbus, Ohio 43216.

WANTED 10 WOMEN

Last year HUSTLER offered 10 women \$1 million each to pose for HUSTLER. The offer was based on comments we received in a large volume of mail. This year, readers can directly pick our new 10 Most Wanted List by sending us the names of the famous women you'd most like to see in HUSTLER.

We'll pay each one of them \$1 million if they agree to give our readers what they deserve. Submit your 10 Most Wanted List by April 7 to: HUSTLER Magazine, 40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215. It's one of your few chances to vote for something worthwhile.



She's just the
kind of girl
who gets a tingle
on the tip of her
tongue for anything
that comes in a cone.

RAUNCHY RECIPE NO.1

Going to New Depths

Larry wanted us to run an announcement in *Bits & Pieces* asking for a virgin to pose for HUSTLER. Executive Editor Bruce David was hesitant about the idea and, in a series of memos, asked the Associate Editors — all Catholic—for their opinions.

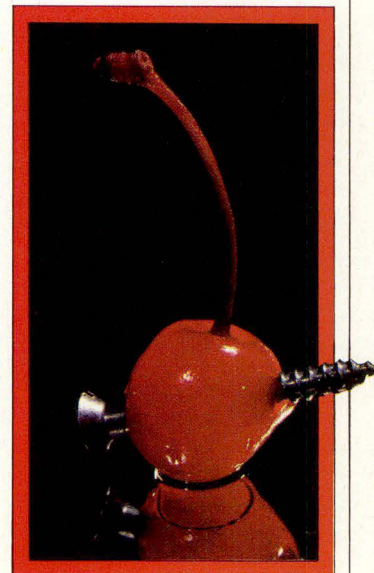
Mike Sheeter responded, "A virgin? Why not a Big-foot or a Loch Ness Monster? Everybody knows there aren't any virgins. If you have your heart set on a virgin, we could probably buy one from Sri Lanka or someplace. Larry will have to go money up-front, though. I'll be damned if the IRS is going to make me explain to them why a 14-year-old virgin from Sri Lanka is a legitimate business expense."

Zbigniew Kindela said, "Shaved snatch is one thing,

but peach fuzz is jail fuzz. I want trained clits, not diapered ones. I really doubt one even exists."

Mike Toohey wrote, "A problem arises as to how we verify a girl's virginity. By the time we know for a fact that she is a virgin, she may no longer be one."

Tim Conaway answered, "All of us would like to have some virgin pussy, but I have to agree that it would be hard to find and verify. I



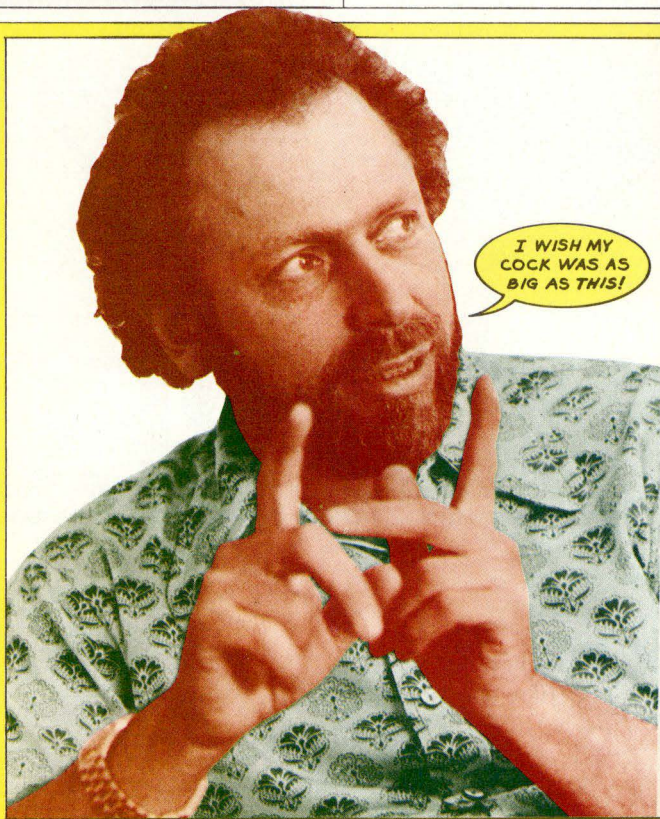
also don't think virgins are HUSTLER style. I prefer a woman who is accustomed to the tight feeling of having her deep, wet slit stretched by a massive, throbbing rod."

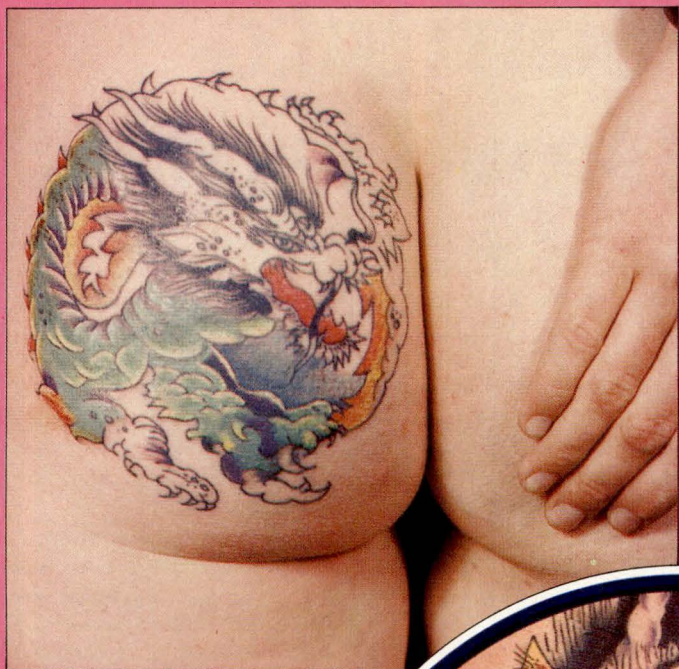
Bruce said to run the memos.

We still don't believe that there are virgins over 18. However, if you can prove us wrong, we might want to use you as a model in a HUSTLER photo feature. Just send a photo of yourself, with a short letter, to: HUSTLER Magazine, Photo Dept., 40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215.

UN-SCREWED IN WICHITA

The guilty verdict against *Screw* magazine is temporarily null and void—much like Al Goldstein's nasal passages—because Judge Frank Theis declared a mistrial. It seems that certain remarks by prosecuting attorney Larry Schauf were found to prejudice the Wichita jury's verdict. Temporary congratulations, Al. We can understand why a midwestern jury would be prejudiced against a Jew with such a small cock.





COLORED PEOPLE

You can tell she's drooling because your three fingers are squishing in and out of her other mouth. To get her hotter, you lick your way down to it. As you part her lips, you find a stylized bird flying across her cunt, with the tail feathers dragging. "Oh, you know Spider Webb, too," you remark offhandedly and nonchalantly reveal a demon's face tattooed on your abdomen with its tongue running the length of your tool. Pretty soon the demon's tongue is seeking out the bird's tail in an inkblot frenzy.

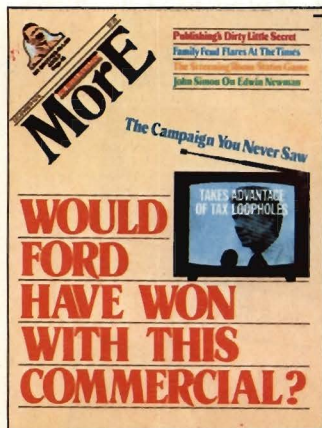
Meanwhile, somewhere in Mount Vernon, New York,

Spider Webb, creator of these two tattoos, is probably needing another customer—maybe on a nipple, scrotum, cock, cunt or asshole. Webb has drilled many bodies—some in the most unusual places—and he's putting together a book about it. Many of Spider's customers get off while his needle probes their skin, he claims. Being the professional that he is, though, Spider points out, "I don't pop my cookies or anything. I get a great deal of satisfaction out of doing something unique and beautiful. It's not a sexual satisfaction but an artistic one."

All This and More

As a rule, specialized publications enjoy very limited circulations. *Refrigerator Monthly*, for example, would not find a place on the average American coffee table even if it were to spice up its content with a feature like "Icebox of the Month." Likewise, *Pigeon Digest*, *Popular Aviation* and *Watchtower* are meant to be read primarily by people who enjoy flight. Because magazines of this type are published for a small circle of fans already versed in the jargon of their particular obsession, they tend to exclude readers who find the language and subject matter foreign.

More magazine, however,



takes a specialized subject—the media—and makes it palatable to the masses. Television, radio, newspapers, magazines, books and movies make up a large part of every American's life. But all that most of us ever see is the finished product—namely what the media bigwigs want us to see. The public rarely finds out about the politics involved in putting together a piece of journalism or their favorite TV sitcom. *More* provides an inside view of what's happening among the media "powers that be," and shows

exactly how these people determine what we think.

The December 1976 issue of *More* contained an article entitled "The Ford & Carter Commercials They Didn't Dare Run," which revealed how the presidential campaign teetered on the brink of televised mud-slinging. In the unseen commercials, Ford exposed Carter as a millionaire who took advantage of "disgraceful tax loopholes," and Carter accused Ford of telling New York City to

"drop dead" during the height of that city's financial crisis. Who knows how the election might have turned out if those commercials had run?

More is not afraid to go behind the scenes or to step on toes, as evidenced by its chiding the *New York Times* and the *New York Post* for refusing to break the story of Earl Butz's fatal blooper. In fact, *More* seems to thrive on tearing into the media big boys and has also leveled its artillery at Walter Cronkite, Tom Snyder and Dorothy Schiff.

With a young staff culled from prestigious publications like *Esquire*, *New Times*, *Village Voice* and *Harper's Weekly*, there is no shortage of talent and professional experience at *More*.

Despite its six years of publication, *More* is still in its in-

fancy. The magazine began as a tabloid and has appeared in its standard 8½ x 11 form for less than a year, ever since Michael Kramer took over as editor and publisher. Kramer, a 31-year-old former editor of *New York* magazine, is responsible for *More*'s recent face-lift. He is determined to make the magazine more appealing to the general public and believes that by running highly readable articles he can do just that. It is doubtless only a matter of time before *More*'s revolutionary approach to criticism of media places it squarely in the public eye.

Anyone who would like to keep informed about the informers can obtain a one-year subscription by sending \$12 to *More*, P. O. Box 955, Farmingdale, NY 11735.

THE TRUTH LEAKS OUT



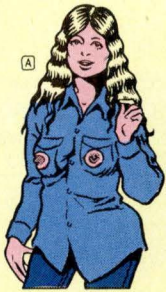
After running an item in last month's *Bits & Pieces* section about Larry Flynt's pendulous pecker, we're a little embarrassed to show you the actual extent of our Leader's anatomy. This photograph was taken by a *More* photographer in the bathroom of the Hilton Hotel in New York, where Larry was attending a journalists' convention sponsored by *More*.

More is a publication that is dedicated to honest, unbiased discussion of the media. And we felt it would only be a matter of time before the honest folks at *More* leaked the truth about Flynt's fleshy fountain. So instead of saying that the picture merely shows Larry draining a blister on his thumb and that the tip of his cock is really tucked away in his sock for safekeeping, we're copping out and admitting that what you see is what Althea gets.

What the hell, it's twice as big as Al Goldstein's.



Always in the "Avant-Garb" of Fashion Glamour, Sir Plus' now offers Sex-tra Special "Earthy" clothes with you and your old man in mind! Don't 'Ms. out on these sexy (yet divine prole-chic) wardrobe items —just right for cutting thru that weedy haze hovering around your poor mate's pate...! Render his Bonzo into a Gonzo! Don't be drab—be Fab! If you dare!



PEEKABOO WORKSHIRT!
HE'LL GET HOT UNDER HIS BLUE-COLLAR WHEN YOU RANK HIS FILE WITH THIS POPULAR POP-TOP!
[A] #1-2020



CROTCHLESS COVERALLS!
WHETHER ON-CAMPUS OR WORKING IN YOUR WIN GARDEN—YOU'RE ALWAYS READY FOR A QUICKIE!
[B] #3-1776

HAND-CRAFTED LEATHER GARTER BELT!
IT'S THE NATURAL OO-LA-LA LOOK WITH THIS SET! COMES WITH SEXY PRE-FADED DENIM STOCKINGS!
[C] #4-1973



SHEER TORTURE
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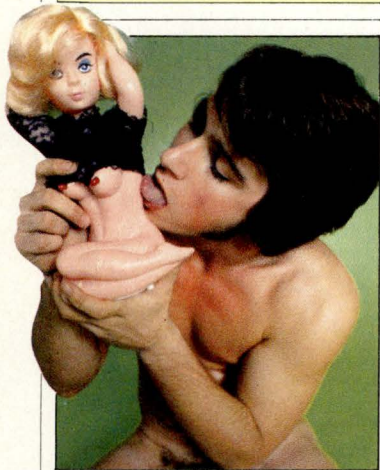
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EAT YOUR CROTCH OUT, FREDERICK'S

Sex in the 70s: girls with hairy legs and armpits, shit stains in their panties and enough money to keep them looking "in." Jay Kinney, in this *Arcade Comics* feature (\$1.25 from Last Gasp, P. O. Box 212, Berkeley, CA 94701), puts the sensual spotlight on profit-minded manufacturers—who have never been accused of good taste.



Don't Touch That Dial

This kind of activity rates somewhere between lust and watching TV. The Sexy Linda Radio Doll provides an outlet for men who have too much pride to be groupies for musicians. The next time Marie Osmond belts out a tune, turn up the volume with Linda's left nipple and tune her in on the right nipple while you turn yourself on the best way you know how. Linda (\$29.95 from K.R. Enterprises, P.O. Box 636, San Francisco, CA 94101) sends sweet messages from between her legs and doesn't mind how close you get to listen.

ADS WE'D LIKE TO SEE (NO.1)

I LOVE MY FAMILY AND I MAKE SURE I PUT A LITTLE LOVE IN THEIR LUNCH BOXES EVERYDAY AND THAT MEANS CUNT'S SNATCH-PAK. CUNT'S KNOWS WHAT THE MEN IN MY LIFE NEED TO GET THROUGH THE DAY.

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VANILLA!

MENSTRUAL!

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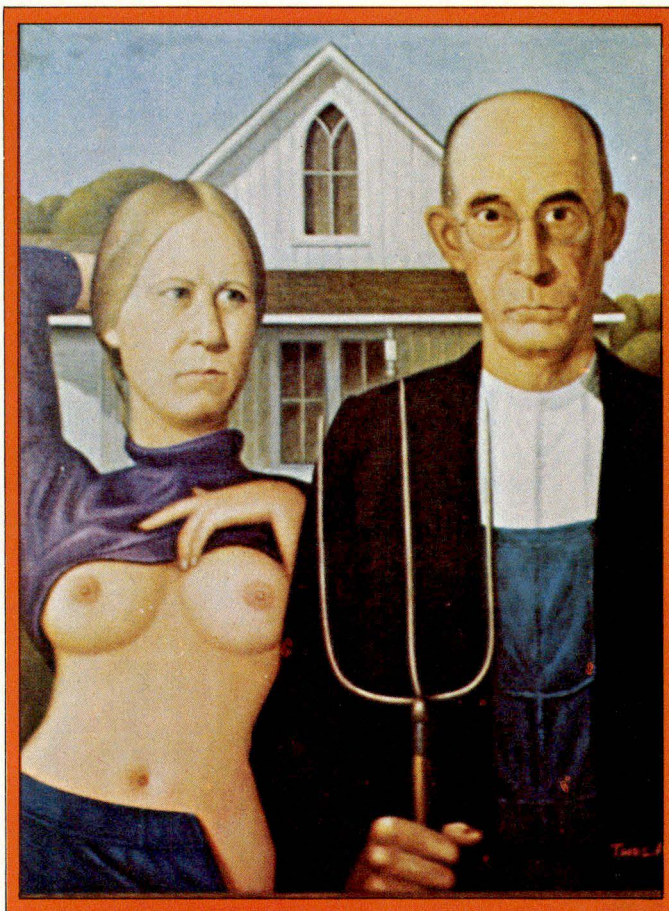
Cunt's SNATCH-PAK

D. Collins



SHE'S FUNNY THAT WAY

For some girls, puberty arrives a little later in life than most, and this keeps them from being up-front about their assets. For other girls, puberty never helps. But just because there are no bulges in a girl's T-shirt doesn't mean you can't be makin' bacon with her.



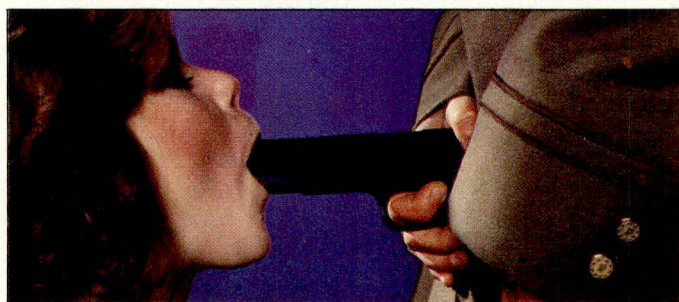
DOWN ON THE FARM

It is only in recent years that Early American art has become universally recognized as being slightly better than Tijuana pottery. This painting by Thomas A. Smith, for example, is one of the earliest examples of Early American art, having been painted shortly after dawn a few weeks ago. According to an informed source, Smith painted his balls orange and imitated a pumpkin patch, thus stunning the couple long enough to capture them on canvas. The old woman was not fooled for long and retaliated by giving the artist a gander at her own melons. But her nearsighted husband cut the sitting short when he used his pitchfork to test Smith's pumpkins for ripeness.

MOST TASTELESS CARTOON



"No, you didn't come yet.
I'm just sucking the zits off your ass."



About Face

There's something about a man in uniform that drives girls crazy. They know that a man is in there, powerful and steely hard. And they know how to satisfy the one

thing that makes him a man. They play with his cock and he's primed for action. When the explosive finish blasts through her mouth, she'll have to bite the bullet.

If you have any interesting or unusual *Bits & Pieces* contributions, pass them along to HUSTLER. We pay \$100 for pictures, news items, quips and stories that we publish in *Bits & Pieces*. HUSTLER buys all rights on material accepted for publication and will keep all material purchased. Submissions we don't use will be returned if accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

HUSTLER sends \$100 to Dan Collins, Charlie Lehman, Thomas A. Smith, Pat Turnquist. 🍌

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Sex Play

By Michael Toohey

Many sexual pleasures have remained hidden behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy for too long a time. In keeping with HUSTLER's belief that repression of natural, healthy urges is physically and emotionally damaging, we present this series of informative articles that will increase your sexual knowledge, lessen your inhibitions and—ultimately—make you a better lover.

When I first saw *La Dolce Vita* in the early 60s, the opening scene, in which several bikini-clad lovelies wave at a passing helicopter, brought whistles and catcalls from some men in the audience. It wasn't the bikinis that caused all the commotion (I saw the film in Southern California, where bikinis were everyday dress, even then) but the neat little tufts of hair adorning the ladies' armpits.

I was actually repulsed and wondered how Marcello Mastroianni could stand to put the make on women who looked like they had S.O.S. pads tucked under their arms. I attributed it to some uniquely Italian fuzz fetish.

Having been conditioned to consider body hair on a woman ugly, I surprised myself a few years later by falling for a girl with hairy legs and armpits. If it's good enough for Marcello, it's good enough for me, I rationalized, as her downy calves clamped around my ass time and time again.

I realize now that there is nothing inherently ugly or masculine about a woman with hairy legs, armpits, lower belly, and so on. European women traditionally leave these parts unshaven. In fact, European men are, as a rule, turned off by women with shaved legs and armpits. This may come as a surprise to the millions of American women who pluck and shave themselves sore every few days in an attempt to attain a Madison Avenue ideal of beauty. For the average woman, a scissor trim or a bit of hydrogen peroxide will keep her from looking like a lowland gorilla and at the same time leave just enough hair to serve as an exotic sexual lure.

If you're a man who thinks body hair on a woman is more likely to turn you off than to turn you on, try to remember the times you stared in lust at a stray wisp of pubic hair peeking out from the crotch of a bikini. Ironically, when summer comes around, most women go to great pains to avoid this "embarrassment," unaware of how it can enhance their sex appeal.

Of course, to some men—in our society,

at least—pubes are one thing, and hairy legs and armpits are quite another. A man who enjoys the sight of a woman's pubic bush might easily be repulsed by hair elsewhere on her body. When it comes to body hair on a woman, where the line is drawn between beautiful and ugly is a matter of opinion. Exactly how much hair a woman can have and still be attractive is for her—and her man—to decide.

As a rule, blondes and redheads can usually get away with displaying more body hair than dark-haired women. In sunny climates it is now fairly common to see light-haired women with a generous amount of leg and armpit hair. This is a rarer sight on brunettes, whose hair is more resistant to sun bleaching.

Actress Spring Finley, in the erotic film *The Starlets* (see film reviews, page 31), proudly displays a thick underarm jungle. Perhaps such exposure of body hair on beautiful women in erotic situations will help to change the present American attitudes toward the natural look. Although Finley wears her body hair in a totally raw state, there are many cosmetic variations that may help women ease into the hairy look without feeling, or looking, primitive.

The delight of a woman's body hair can be enhanced in a number of ways, provided she knows how to cultivate it to her advantage. Many women use powder and perfume to add appeal to their underarm hair and pubes. Some strippers, nude dancers and models sprinkle their pubes with glitter to give their crotches an eye-catching sparkle. A similar effect can be achieved with granulated sugar or edible cake decorations, making the area pleasing to the tongue as well as the eyes.

Braided armpit hair has played a part in ethnic jokes for so long now that it would be difficult to gaze on such a sight and keep a straight face. Keep in mind, though, that braiding is indeed possible with both armpit hair and long pubes—and even if it is of dubious erotic value after years of bad press, it can still be good for a

laugh on April Fools' Day or Halloween. Likewise, moustache wax can provide a humorous new frame for a woman's vertical smile (see *Bits & Pieces*, March 1977).

Thick, curly pubes can be arranged into corn rows, a hairstyle most easily adapted to kinky hair. However, if a straight effect is desired, there are many hair-straightening preparations available at most drugstores. Some women straighten their cunt hair and then style it. Others alter their pubic hairdos by simply wearing a merkin (a pubic hairpiece). Merkins are more widely available in Europe than in America, although a few Stateside sexual novelty dealers are beginning to stock them, and they come in a variety of styles and colors.

Today a woman may think nothing of



BODY HAIR The Long and Short of It

changing the color of the hair on her head but never give a thought to dyeing the hair below her neck. Although her handbag, belt and shoes match, color coordination is overlooked where legs, armpits and crotch are concerned. Yet there are dyes available for use on sensitive parts of the body (like those made to disguise facial hair) that can be easily and safely applied to any area of the body where a woman may want to decrease the contrast between dark hair and white skin, or simply add some variety to her appearance. Useful for women with leg, abdomen or armpit hair, these dyes can also be used on cunt hair to add diversity.

One reason married men go prowling for pussy is the thrill of dipping into something other than the same monotonous muff. It can be an incredible turn-on for a man to occasionally come home to a snatch of a different color—or, for that matter, a snatch that has a different appearance for any reason.

In recent years, an art form called pubic sculpture has surfaced. This is nothing more than creative crotch shaving in which the pubes are shaped into a design. Hearts, diamonds, stars and initials are among the most popular patterns, perhaps because they are the easiest to create. Large bushes lend themselves to more elaborate and detailed designs, but you're not likely to find *The Last Supper* depicted on even the thickest pubic mound, since pubic sculpture is a form of artistic expression practiced either by women working on themselves (with an upside-down view) or by their lovers in the heat of passion.

The most suggestive pubic sculptures are the simplest. One that comes to mind is that of a woman who had an inch-wide strip of hair running from her navel downward. By applying a few razor strokes to the top of her pubes, she created a hairy arrow pointing the way to her best part.

Women who are willing to submit their cunts to a creative trim might also be willing to shed their pubic hair altogether. Provided a woman and her lover are willing to sacrifice the shock-absorbing quality of pubic hair and to endure a few weeks of discomfort (agony, some say) while the bush grows back in, both the process and the result of cunt shaving can contribute to memorable sexual experiences.

Some women will prefer to shave themselves, but an increasing number of ladies let their men do it for them. (Nurses and hospital orderlies manage to defoliate a patient's genitalia in a few minutes. But they are professionals working with steady hands in a sterile environment.) However, amateurs with trembling, horny hands are strongly advised to take their time and use the proper equipment (most important, a

safety razor rather than a straight razor), since a cut or any irritation can blow the effect entirely.

Some women attest to increased sensitivity when their cunts are shaved. And for men, a shaved snatch offers an opportunity to experience the mature female genitalia without the obstacle of hair.

Mutual crotch shaving is practiced by some couples as a form of foreplay. Equal time for the man is only fair, but he should be on good terms with the woman he lets wield a razor near his nuts.

Some men like the feel of hairy legs wrapping around them during sex. Or they like to stroke, or blow gently into, a woman's armpit hair.

Because of societal standards, most men would probably prefer growing their hair to removing it. Since it is not customary in this country for men to alter the appearance of their leg, chest or armpit hair for any reason, cosmetic or otherwise, the face is the center of attention for them.

Facial hair is no longer the mark of a bum or a subversive as it was a few years ago. Nowadays, beards are worn by men in all walks of life, no matter how conservative.

I myself have had a beard for over five years now. Originally I grew it to alleviate the problem of ingrown hairs, which have plagued me ever since I began shaving. But after a while my wife fell in love with the built-in french tickler under my nose because it stimulated her clit. And she found that she reveled in the feel of my beard ("womb broom," she calls it) against her nipples, inner thighs and various other erogenous zones. I have reached a point now where I have trouble getting to sleep at night without the sweet scent of pussy emanating from my beard.

Obviously the pleasure that can be derived from body hair is not exclusively visual. Some men like the feel of hairy—in a soft and feminine sense—legs wrapping around them during sex. Or they like to stroke, or blow gently into, a woman's armpit hair. Even eyelashes can get into the act, when one partner gets close enough to the other to lightly caress an erogenous zone by blinking.

Pulling and plucking of hair is a favorite method of mild torture for S&M fans. One woman I met liked to have a man pluck the hairs from around her areolas. When that hair was gone, she'd have him start on her pubes. In *The Story of O*, the book's heroine would sit on her lover Sir Henry's desk while he worked, and Sir Henry would amuse himself by pulling on her pubes.


Lovers who are not into pain can enjoy a form of hair pulling that entails grabbing a fistful or mouthful of pubes, armpit hair, chest hair, etc., and tugging gently. The feeling is akin to that of being in bondage and it's not at all painful in moderate doses.

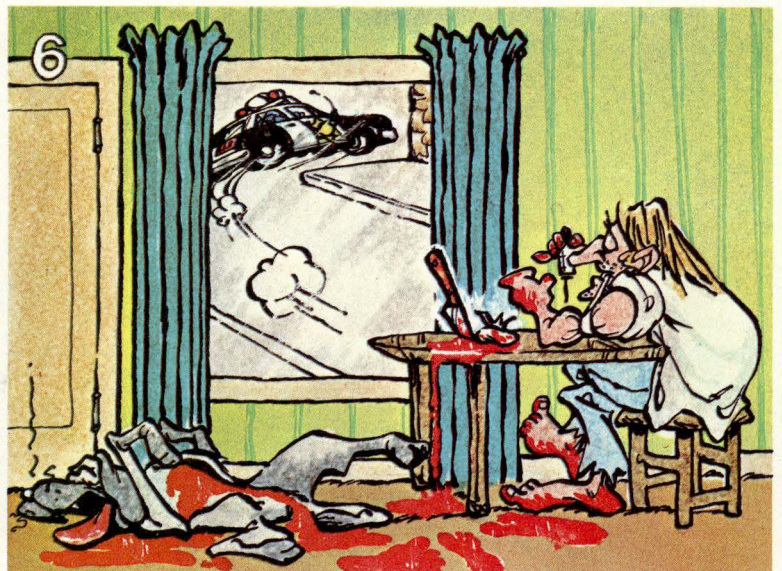
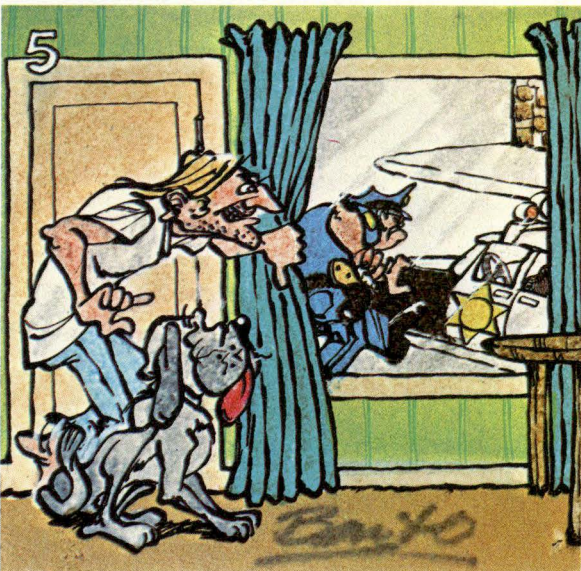
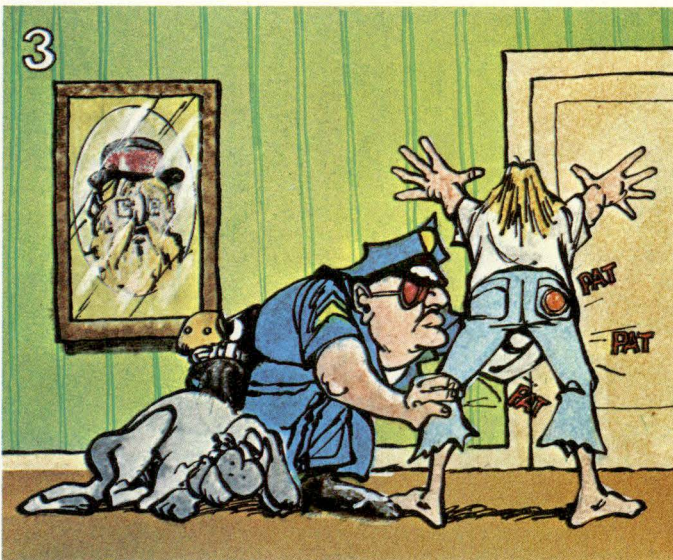
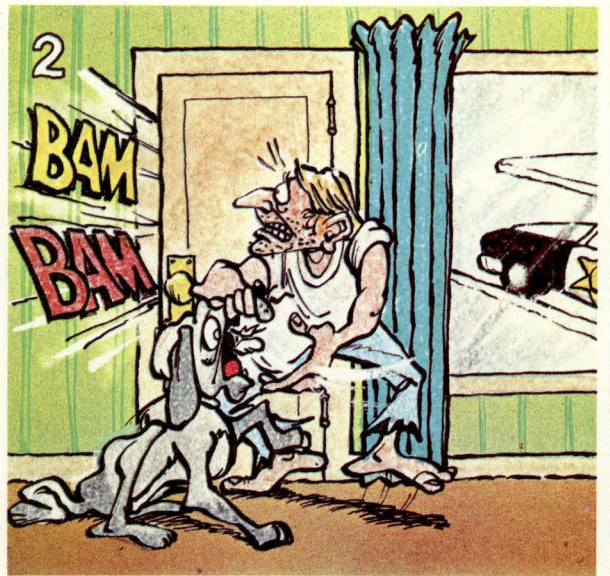
Some women like to run their fingers through the jungle on a man's chest or to feel the subtle abrasion of his hairy, masculine body against her comparatively hairless, feminine self.

Then again there are people whom Mother Nature shortchanged when she distributed body hair: men who can't grow any more than a sickly patch on their chins or whose chests are as bald as Kojak's head; women whose pubes are as thin as an 11-year-old's or who don't shave their legs or armpits, not as a matter of choice but because there is nothing to shave. But these people are by no means unfortunate.

There are also unique properties inherent in the lack of body hair. On a practical level, hairless people do not have the hygienic problems of hairy individuals. And it's a lot less painful for them to remove Band-Aids. But more important, people with little or no body hair tend to look younger than their bushy brethren, a definite advantage in our youth-oriented society.

Women who like hairless men often entertain fantasies about adolescent boys and find that they can fulfill their dreams with an experienced, hairless man without putting up with the typical teenage problems of premature ejaculation and general sexual ignorance.

Despite the razor rebellion spawned by the women's movement, and the growing popularity of the "organic look," it will probably be years before America catches up with Europe in the appreciation of body hair. The hairless look has its advantages, but a hairy body can also contribute to a full sex life. One need only make the best of nature's generosity 



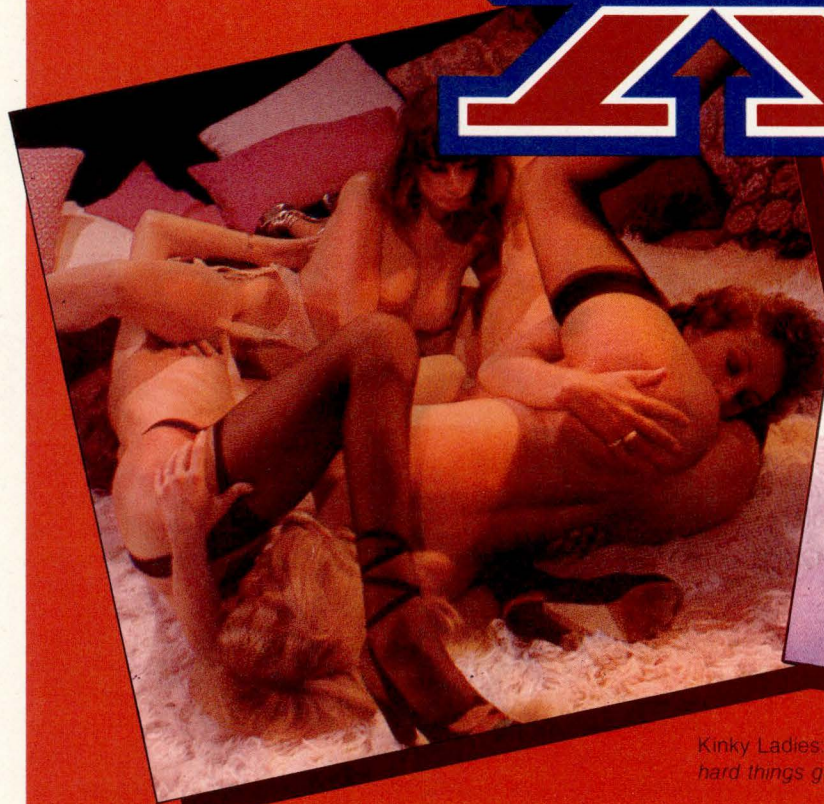
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Kinky Ladies. No matter how hard things get, French girls seem to manage.

MOVIES

by Frank Fortunato

KINKY LADIES

Kinky Ladies (French title, *La Grande Biase*) is a takeoff on the French film *Le Grande Bouffe*, in which four old men gather in a chateau to eat themselves to death. However, this spoof by Frederic Lansac (of *Pussy Talk* fame) features four women, three of whom fuck and suck themselves right into their graves.

The film opens with a woman in a sleek black dress masturbating near the graves of three girlfriends. Suddenly there is a flashback to one of the dead women: stunning blonde Charlene Rousseau,

HUSTLER's reviews of porno films and sex books will fill you in and keep you up to date on the latest from the erotic film and publishing industries. Our rating guide is based on a quality-for-your-money formula. However, as many porno films are censored to conform with "local community standards," the movies we review might not be exactly what you see. We suggest you check with your theater before going, to make sure that your money is buying the genuine article.

RATING GUIDE



ERECTION!

If this one doesn't get it up, you are probably dead because it is almost a constant turn-on.



THREE-QUARTERS ERECT

It's worthwhile. Almost gets it up. However, it can still be beat.



HALF-ERECT

Slightly worthwhile. Probably get it up on your own.



ONE-QUARTER ERECT

Might get it up if you used a crane.



TOTALLY LIMP

Couldn't get it up if you used a crane.

who is humping a black soldier in a ladies' room. As she starts cleaning out his tubes—to the accompaniment of an African drum sound track—the soldier's wife walks in. Normally, a scene like this would probably conclude most porn flicks, but in this film it only foreshadows flashbacks yet to come.

For example, in another flashback sequence, Penelope LaMour (the lady with the chattering box in *Pussy Talk*) portrays a recording star. LaMour is the most sensuous woman I have ever seen in a porn film, and it is to Lansac's credit that he uses her in a majority of the sex scenes, including the one in which a magazine editor swabs out her vocal cords as he thumbs through a magazine with her beautiful face on the cover. Penelope finally meets the grim

reaper by drowning in the semen of four garbage men she has just sucked off.

Undeterred, her friends continue their sex fest. Ultimately, one kills herself by masturbating with a stick of dynamite; another gets fucked to death. The closing scene returns to the lone survivor, the woman in black, twiddling her twat in the cemetery as the voices of her friends implore her to keep on living because she is their only link to life.

The plot of *Kinky Ladies* is lifeless, but the prime porn overshadows the plot line and dubbed dialog. Additionally, the film's quality is excellent and the camera work occasionally crosses into the realm of art. In short, if *Kinky Ladies* fails to turn you on, you might as well draw up your will, put on your best suit and then report to the nearest funeral parlor—because you're already dead.

MARY! MARY!

Taking into consideration all of its assets—excellent photography, an attractive cast and a tremendous two-car chase scene that leaves both cars demolished—*Mary! Mary!* should have been a much better film. However, it's a real disappointment for several reasons.

The story itself begins with Mary (Constance Money of *Misty Beethoven* fame) and her boyfriend Ned (John Leslie of *The Autobiography of a Flea*) getting it on in a pool. Poor Ned suffers from a case of premature ejaculation, and while Mary bitches about being left unsatisfied, Ned says to no one in particular, "I'd give anything not to come too quickly." It is the devil himself, inexplicably portrayed by a lean male dancer silhouetted against the red sunset, who hears this provocative statement. Splitting the skies with thunder, he drops a jar of ointment in front of the couple.

During the course of their sex experimentation, Ned and Mary discover that the oint-



Swallow the leader: an orgy game from the morality film *Mary! Mary!*

ment works therapeutically for Ned, delaying his climax, and they decide to save some for an upcoming orgy.

Throughout the movie the viewer is consistently reminded of the orgy and the devil's presence. But from the pool to the orgy, the film's story line consists of a series of unrelated sexual encounters, including one in which a gay boutique owner is initiated into the world of pussy.

The orgy finally arrives. But instead of being the highlight of the movie, it is—bad enough—too predictable and—worse—highly moralistic. The orgiasts apply the ointment and go at it until the devil's concoction kills them. All except Mary, that is, whom the devil saves for himself.

Any film featuring the devil is bound to have a moral, and apparently the moral of *Mary! Mary!* is that libertines are punished for their carnality. I drew my own moral: Don't punish yourself; pass this film by. This film had so much to work with that it should have been a celebration of sex rather than a damnation of it.

LES NYMPHO TEENS

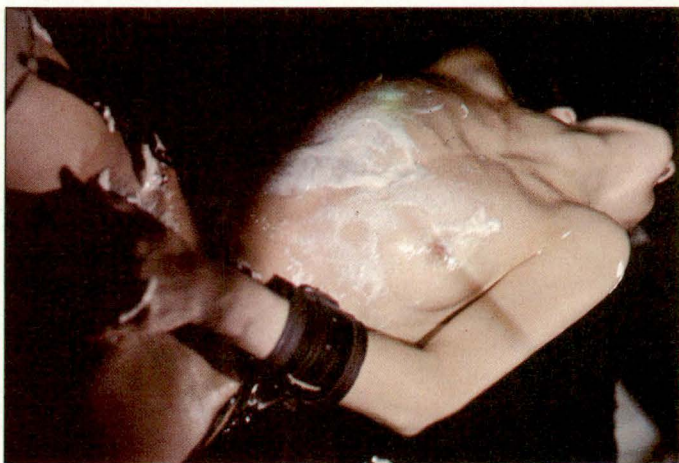
The producers of *Teens*, knowing what trash they had on their hands, did not even bother to screen this film for the porn press. Consequently, I wandered into a theater on a busy day to see the final showing of this film. Close to nodding out as I waited for the film to roll, a David Bowie look-alike suddenly materialized on the screen, shocking me into

a state of consciousness. Introducing himself as the "Fairy of Fantasy," he proceeded to do a striptease, caressed several oversized dildoes, then proclaimed that the audience was in store for a wonderful experience. He lied!

As the fairy disappeared, the scene opened to reveal a living room somewhere in Ohio, where three wives are swapping sexual fantasies while their husbands are out bowling. Fantasies are supposed to be a turn-on, but here they're dull. Their language is explicit, but it seems to have been culled from a hack porn movie. For example: "I could feel him in my burping, farting asshole. It's so naughty, but I love it." Ho-hum.

However, there is one scene worth mentioning. It's the fantasy sequence featuring Sharon Mitchell, whose uninhibited performance is about the only thing that saves *Teens* from a prime spot on HUSTLER's all-time bummer list. In her fantasy, three men against a black backdrop were bent over so that their asses dominated the screen. Sharon then proceeded to rim each asshole. Since analingus is still widely regarded as taboo, this scene has impact.

Les Nympho Teens, which has nothing to do with teens, is merely a product of the fast-buck school of porn movie-making: Slap together enough writhing bodies and supply enough cum shots and you've got a movie!



Teens' Sharon Mitchell gives a winning performance in a losing film.

THE STARLETS

Cum shots sailing over your head? Breasts close enough for you to touch? Bright pink labia leaping straight for your face? Can all this be happening in a movie theater? The answer is yes—if the theater is showing *The Starlets*, the first stereoscopic hard-core film.

The producers claim that the newly developed polarized filters and glasses eliminate the main drawback of 3-D: its tendency to cause migraine headaches. The fidelity of this film's three-dimensional process, called "Quadra Vision 4D," is impressive. Judging from the critics' reactions at the screening, you're in for a unique and entertaining experience, if you can find a theater with the special equipment and glasses needed to show *The Starlets*.

Even without the 3-D gimmick, the film is better than most erotic movies. Featuring the baby-faced Dorothy Newkirk—porn's first aquatic cocksucker—this movie takes place within the "Hollywood Starlets' Club," a home for smut-film hopefuls. Most of Newkirk's sex scenes are confined to the club's swimming pool, where she is shown giving one actor an underwater blow job that leaves you breathless and makes you forget Esther Williams. The film also features plenty of new faces as well as more adept porn regulars such as Patricia Lee, a beautiful black Oriental, and Spring Finley, the redheaded teen from *Dixie*.

The 3-D hard-ons, cum shots and the turn-on sex are enough to give this movie a plus rating.

BLONDE VELVET

Revenge and greed are the motivating forces that make *Blonde Velvet* an interesting, action-packed spy porn film. Despite the budget limitations, the enthusiastic and diverse



Dorothy Newkirk becomes your bath partner in "4-D" film *The Starlets*.

sex scenes provide a zany streak of fucking and sucking in such spots as a psycho ward shower and a jet airplane.

The casting of two senior citizens of smut—Jake Teague as a CIA chief and Jennifer Welles as the nefarious Eva—is a plus for this film. Jake Teague, perhaps more than anyone else in porn, brings professional polish to his roles, and Welles, that near-menopausal mamma, puts many younger starlets to shame.

As the story unravels, an airborne CIA agent has his semen and portfolio coaxed from him by one of Eva's henchwomen. Eva intends to use the portfolio to blackmail a Russian ambassador for \$5 million because she was raped by a Russian soldier during the Hungarian Revolt of 1956. The rape scene is re-created in a flashback scene with Sarah

Nicholson, another porn regular, portraying the young Eva.

The portfolio ends up in the hands of ace agent Slade (Richard Bolla), but clever Eva manages to take it away from him. Later, the two agents wind up in a hospital run by Eva's cohorts, a collection of psychos headed by Bobby Astyr and Al Levitsky, whose mental condition is described in Eva's words as "the cumulative I.Q. of a severed squid tentacle." Unfortunately the story suffers because the many sex scenes are piled on top of each other, leaving the viewer wondering if there ever was a plot.

However, the excellent color photography, including some amusing micro close-up shots, is another plus for this film.

Finally, *Blonde Velvet's* surprise ending creates an upbeat close to an above-average hard-core offering. 🍌



From the movie *Blonde Velvet*, a celluloid sandwich of erotic delights.

ON THE CIRCUIT

This column lists and rates erotic movies that were reviewed in past issues of *HUSTLER*. These films may currently be showing in your neighborhood.

Erection

3 A.M.
Autobiography of a Flea Cry for Cindy
Diversions
Expose Me, Lovely Femmes de Sade
In the Realm of the Senses
Jail Bait
Midnight Desires
The Opening of Misty Beethoven
Sweet Cakes
Through a Looking Glass

Three-Quarters Erect

Candy's Candy
China de Sade
The Double Exposure of Holly
Hot Summer in the City
Sex Wish
That Lady from Rio
The Joy of Letting Go
Temptations
Virgin Snow

Half-Erect

The Affairs of Janice Blowdry
C. B. Mamas
China Lust
Dixie
Easy Alice
Little Orphan Sammy
Love in Strange Places
Rollerbabies
Teenage Twins

One-Quarter Erect

Ecstasy in Blue
Inside Marilyn Chambers
Kinkorama
The Story of O
Sweet Punkin
A Touch of Sex
The Trouble with Young Stuff

Totally Limp

The Devil in Miss Jones
(Censored version)
Let My Puppets Come
Patty
Snuff

First Annual Erotic Movie Awards

Here are the winners of the First Annual HUSTLER Erotic Film Awards, presented in recognition of outstanding performances in a field where excellence has been rare.

Hard-core feature films have long been profitable ventures for fly-by-night producers who splice together a string of fuck scenes with little or no regard for plot, characterization, acting or color quality. Sex film fans are a captive audience, and they are habitually exploited by crap merchants more interested in making enormous profits than in advancing an infant art form. Rarely does an X-rated film come along that is both sexually stimulating and aesthetically pleasing.

By acknowledging excellence this way, HUSTLER hopes

to encourage creativity and high quality within the erotic film industry. We feel that erotic films should meet the same high professional standards as less explicit commercial films.

The entertainers and films honored on these pages were selected by the HUSTLER editorial staff, noted erotic film critics Frank Fortunato and Larry Wichman, and readers who completed the ballot which appeared in the January issue. In several cases the balloting was so close that runners-up were also named. But, whether first place or second, these stand-outs from the 1976 crop of celluloid erotica deserve credit for their enduring contributions to the creative development of the erotic film industry.

Best Film

The Opening of Misty Beethoven

Best Actress

Jennifer Welles

Honey Pie

— Runner-up —

Katherine Burgess

Through A Looking Glass

Best Actor

Jamie Gillis

The Opening of Misty Beethoven

— Runner-up —

Jake Teague

Temptations

Best Director

Radley Metzger

The Opening of Misty Beethoven

Best Fuck Scene

Jamie Gillis and Terri Hall

The Double Exposure of Holly

Most Accomplished Cocksucker

C.J. Laing

Sweet Punkin

Most Accomplished Cuntlapper

Ras Kean

Sweet Cakes





Illustrated by Lucie Zingarelli



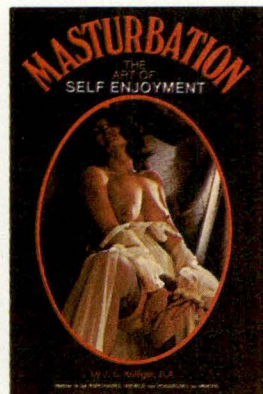
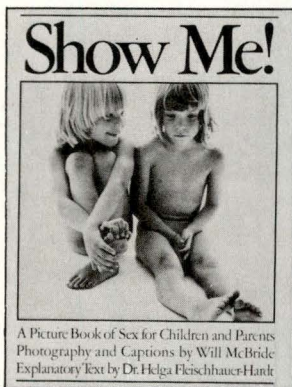
HUSTLER BOOK SERVICE

Show Me!

This is the last word in photographically explicit sex manuals for children. The text by Dr. Helga Fleischhauer-Hardt answers every question a child could possibly pose, and the photography by Will McBride is as artistic as it is informative. Highly recommended for its realistic approach to what is often an awkward subject.

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The Art of Self-Enjoyment

Learn exciting techniques available to help you improve your sexual satisfaction. This liberated book contains not only a factual review of the art of masturbation but more than 190 photographs as well—pictures portraying men and women in acts of self-sexual release.

No. 2613

\$15

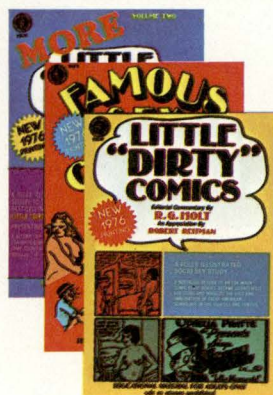


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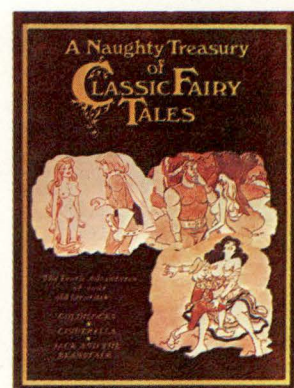
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BOOKS

Edited by Michael Toohey



How do you make it with a dishrag dork? One question that's left unanswered by ... *Women Love to Love*.

WHY AND HOW... WOMEN LOVE TO LOVE

Edited by Michael Keene
Alpha Library Press
21322 Lassen Street
Chatsworth, California 91311
\$3.95

In its cover blurb, *Why and How... Women Love to Love* is billed as "educational material." Now, we are all aware that similar blurbs are printed on the covers of dirty books to fend off the bluenosed district attorneys and clean literature crusaders. But inside you can usually find a generous serving of fuckee-suckee photos and whack-off material disguised as marriage-saving advice.

Usually books with "socially redeeming value" will make a generalized statement ("Most women can reach orgasm easier through clitoral stim-

ulation than through vaginal penetration.") and follow it with a case history that explains, in lurid detail, how Mary H. attained her first orgasm by having her previously neglected clit slowly sucked by the Roto-Rooter man, but not *Why and How*. General statements are followed by dry statistics taken from the findings of Kinsey, Masters and Johnson, and the like. The book even includes a bibliography and an index.

Why and How might provide a thrill if you are into such clinical erotica as medical journal articles on the treatment of yeast infections. But as a turn-on for the pornophile, the book fails miserably.

There are numerous soft-core photos, some of them in color, featuring pretty girls on the verge of performing sex acts with various limp-dicked men—the ultimate irony of the book. Despite all of its educational pretenses, *Why and How* seems to forget that you can't

fuck with a flaccid crank.

(This book is available at most adult bookstores.)

THE DEMON

By Hubert Selby, Jr.
Playboy Press
919 North Michigan Ave.
Chicago, Illinois 60611
\$8.95

Some novels take weeks to read because they're thought-provoking. Others can take weeks to read because they're dull; only book reviewers and masochistic readers will finish them. Reading Hubert Selby Jr.'s *The Demon* was like being forced to take a three-week-long Drano enema.

Harry White, the book's protagonist, at first appears to be a strong and admirable character—in other words, he likes pussy. But not just any pussy—only the married kind. For Harry the thrill is not in

fucking another man's wife but rather the possibility of being caught in the act. Risk-taking is Harry's demon, and it confronts him throughout the book.

Early in the novel, Harry becomes bored with his illicit sexual encounters. Unfortunately, the author takes the reader down the path of boredom with him. For example: "They soaped each other and rubbed and lathered and, from time to time, Harry would slip the soap up out of sight, and soon they realized that time and job would have to wait just a little longer and Harry helped Mary stretch out in the tub and mounted his maiden fair, the water falling and sprinkling on the tub as he sang merrily his lay, with his big toe stuck in the drain." Readers may wonder where Selby stuck his big toe when he composed this scene.

Eventually, Harry learns from his boss that a happy family (complete with wife and rug rats) and a consistent performance on the job are the keys to sweet success. So Harry gets married, sows his seed, throws himself into his work, and becomes the youngest executive vice-president in his corporation.

The demon continues to possess Harry, requiring him to take greater risks, until murder seems to be the only thrill left.

Standing on a subway platform during rush hour, Harry shoves a stranger into the path of a train: "...the parts of the body splattered and rolled and bounced along the tracks and platform and people were sprinkled with brains and flesh and blood...."

Harry continues on this homicidal spree, each murder being more brutal than the last, until he discovers the transcendent thrill: suicide.

The book dies here, without so much as a funeral for poor Harry. I wouldn't be surprised if many readers pay their final respects to Harry before they are halfway through the book—by cremating *The Demon* in the nearest fireplace.

—Zbigniew Kindela

XAVIERA'S SUPERSEX

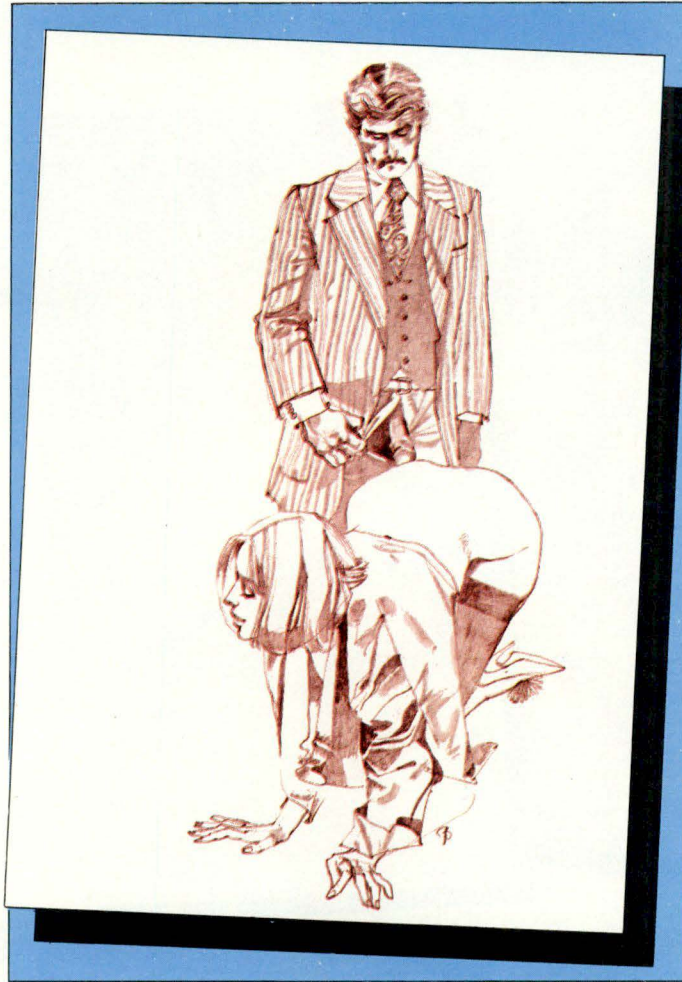
By Xaviera Hollander
The New American Library,
Inc.
1301 Avenue of the Americas
New York, New York 10019
\$5.95

When Xaviera Hollander parlayed her big mouth and well-worn hole into a best seller, *The Happy Hooker*, she was thrust into a peculiar notoriety: She had become the respectable whore. A second book and a column in *Penthouse* followed, and overnight Xaviera became a sex therapist. No one has ever bothered to question this prostitute's ability to analyze America's sexual attitudes, and, as a result, a segment of the nation has been led astray by a woman who evidently cannot tell her cunt from a doughnut. Her latest book, *Xaviera's Supersex*, strongly supports this contention.

Hollander's life of sin must have unbalanced her counseling ability. Why else would she suggest that a man pinch his girl's nipples with the back of his throat or tell a woman to fuck her man in the asshole with her tits? She also advises couples to fuck on horseback or through a wire fence. It's a mistake to act feminine while fucking, she tells women, urging them instead, for example, to aggressively ram dildoes up their partner's assholes. Such advice leads us to suspect that America's most popular whore is getting a kickback from the makers of Preparation H.

Supersex is illustrated by Robert Baxter, with the type of "tasteful," soft-touch drawings that have filled almost every sex manual recently published. Nonexplicit drawings such as these may educate, but they fail to titillate.

According to the book's cover blurbs, *Supersex* is a "crowning achievement" that's as much fun as having Xaviera herself in bed with you. The book is fun—but only because it's full of laughs. —Pat Ryan



Sperm of the moment sex: There's more wit than wisdom in *Supersex*.

THE DAY THE LAUGHTER STOPPED

By David Yallop
St. Martin's Press, Inc.
175 Fifth Ave.
New York, New York 10010
\$12.50

Ask people who "Fatty" Arbuckle was and they're likely to respond, "The guy who killed some actress by ramming a Coke bottle up her cunt—or was it a champagne bottle?" It is unfortunate that people remember him for this because Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle was one of the most talented comedians who ever lived. Now David Yallop's book *The Day the Laughter Stopped* presents conclusive evidence that Arbuckle never killed anyone.

In September 1921, Fatty

was formally charged with the murder of Virginia Rappe (pronounced *Rap-pay*). His films were banned worldwide, and even after his acquittal he was forbidden to appear in any movies. He finally resumed his acting career 12 years after the scandal, but he died before he could reestablish himself as the comic genius he once was.

Fatty's fall from grace began in a suite in San Francisco's St. Francis Hotel, where he hosted a daylong party to celebrate his new million-dollar-a-year contract. Among the leeches who came to booze and fraternize with the hospitable fat man were two film colony floozies, Maude Delmont and Virginia Rappe. Both girls drank themselves blind, and while Maude was off fucking someone in one bathroom, Virginia was puking in the other. Fatty found Virginia and tried to help her. It was during this short time he

had spent alone with her that he supposedly violated this girl whom the public would later canonize as an innocent young saint.

Virginia, in fact, was anything but an innocent girl. She had already undergone five abortions and borne an illegitimate daughter. Mack Sennett barred her from a film lot when he learned she had given the clap to half of his employees. She not only had the clap when she died, she was pregnant again. In light of Virginia's reputation and activities, it is doubtful that her cunt could have been torn up by anything smaller than a telephone pole.

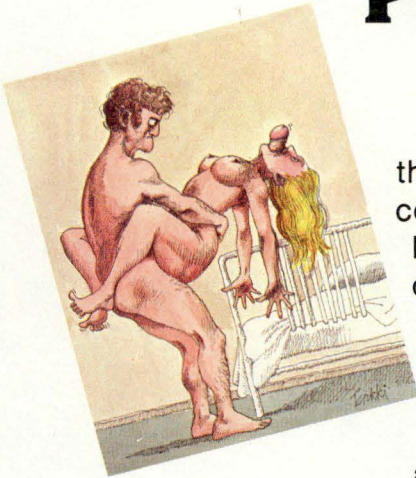
In the eyes of the American public, however, Virginia was a saint, and Fatty Arbuckle was an oversexed murderer. And nothing could change these opinions, which were bolstered by the opportunistic William Randolph Hearst, who found that by smearing Fatty he could double the circulation of his newspapers, and Maude Delmont, who perjured her way to fame and fortune at Fatty's expense.

Though *The Day the Laughter Stopped* focuses on the scandal, above all the book is an indictment of the bluenoses and the gossipmongers who brought about a great man's downfall. Yallop presents convincing evidence that Virginia's death probably resulted from medical malpractice rather than from anything Fatty did. The jury recognized this when they found him innocent, but the Hollywood film moguls, censor Will Hays and the American public were loath to forgive and forget.

Yallop's book is more than an after-the-fact plea for forgiveness and compassion for a late, great jester. The theme of the book can best be summed up in the words of Jackie Coogan, speaking of Fatty's plight many years after his death, "That such talent should be destroyed by backwoods bigotry is a crime. Roscoe's story shows what happens when bigotry and censorship get into the arts."

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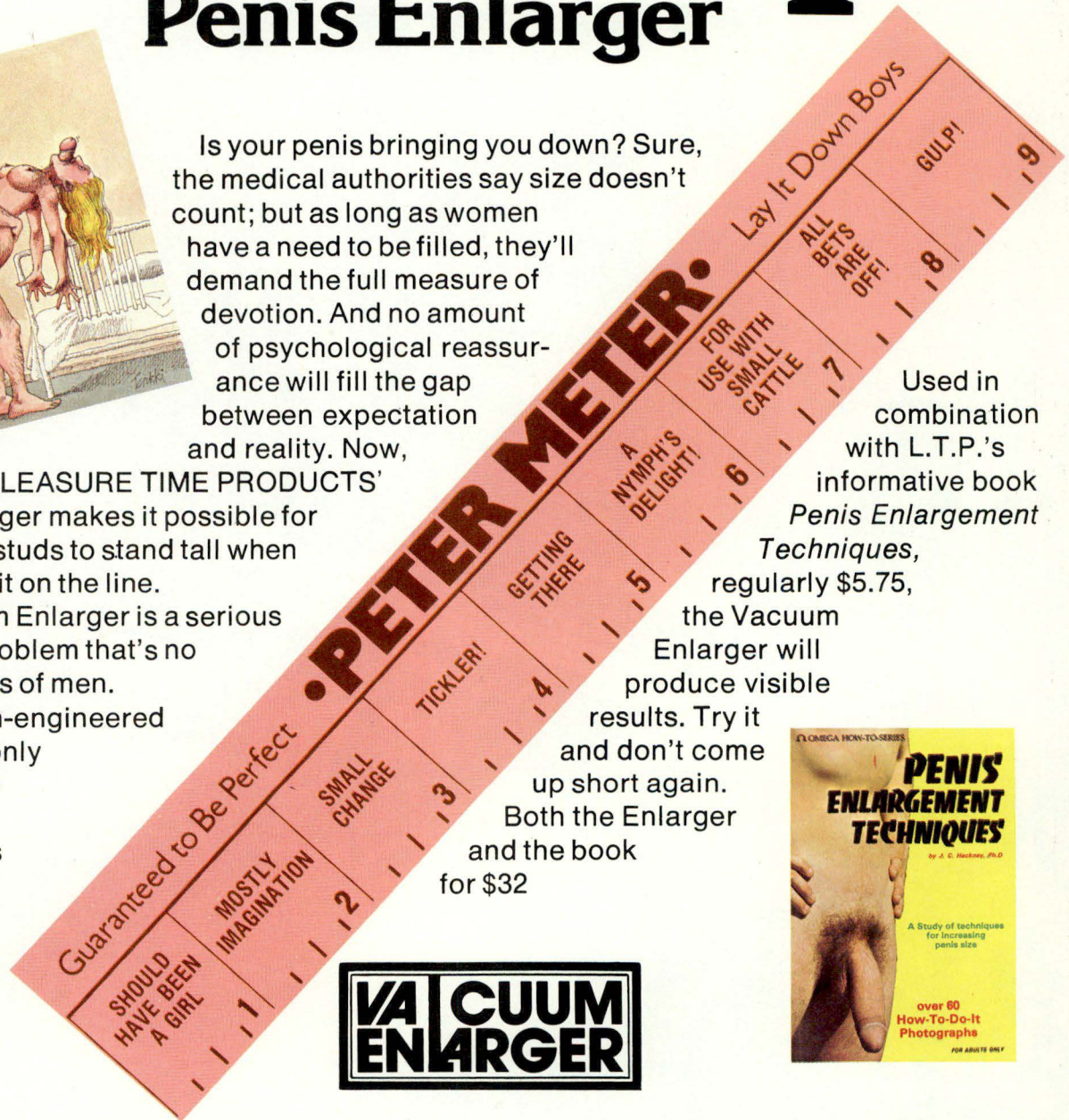
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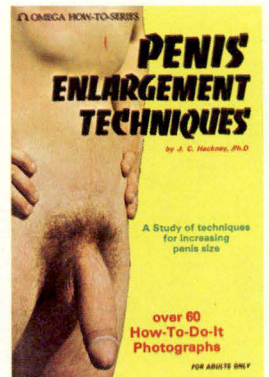
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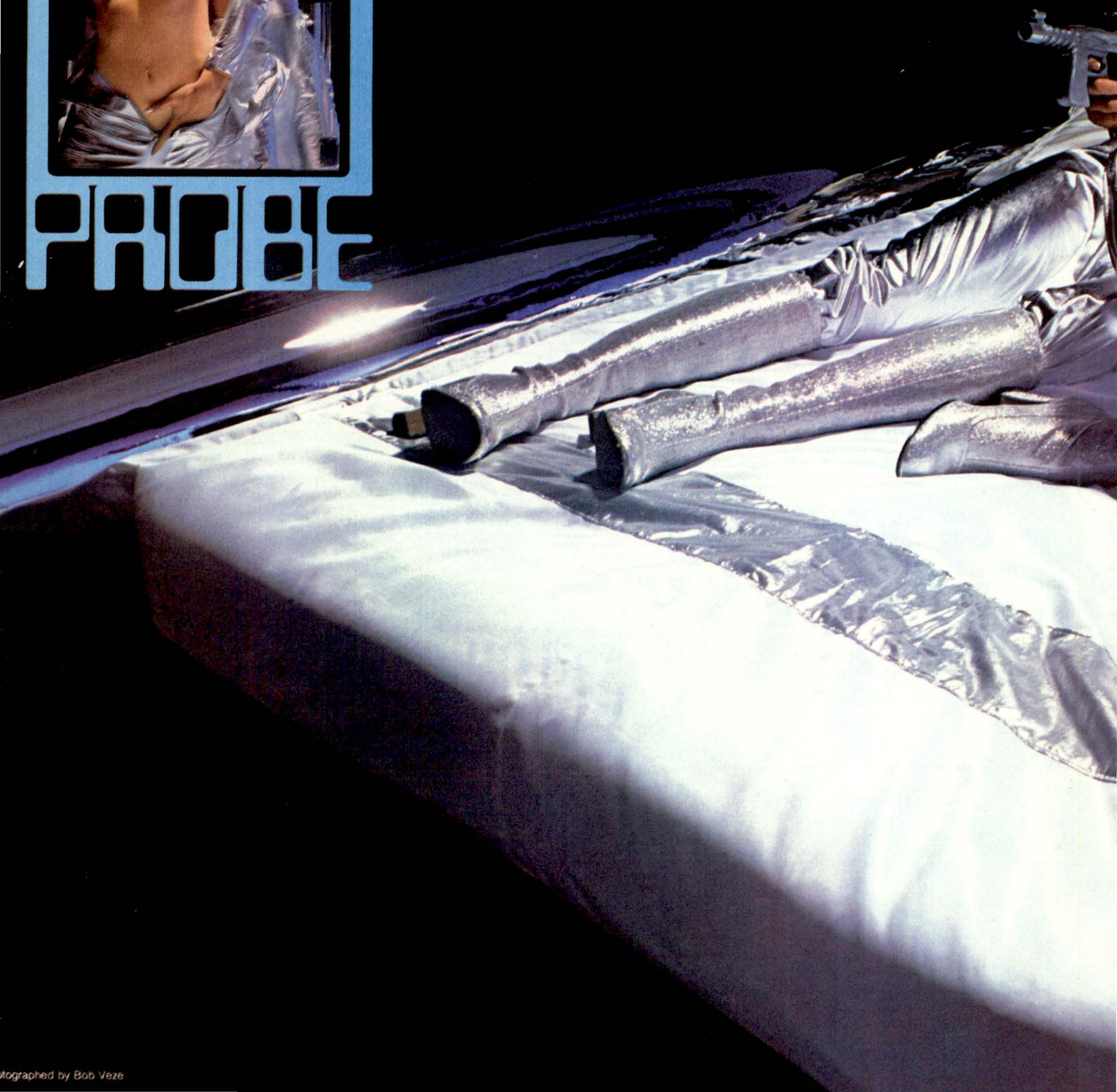
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SPACE

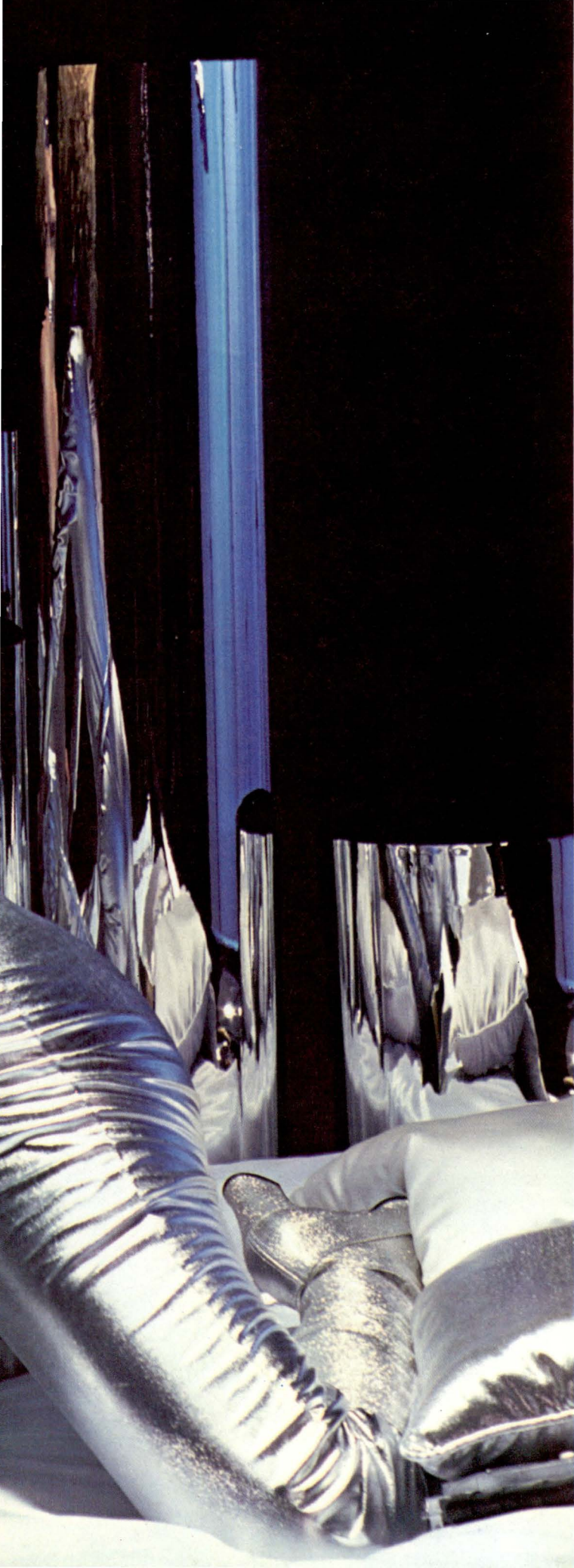


PROBE















What unusual wisdom on the government's part to send these two crack pilots out to explore a recent black hole in outer space, where spasms of energy suck in everything for millions of miles around. As the hole slowly draws them into its dark inferno, the temperature increases, and these natural-headed spacepersons find that they are possessed by an alien urge.

Casting their fate to the stars, they put down their stun guns, remove their silverized suits and play out the final scene in their space opera. Soon they engage in their very own deep space exploration—going where no man has gone before. And as they approach the stellar core, they become one with the universe. However, it is only a matter of time before the black hole converts them into antimatter—an unfitting end for a maiden voyage to the stars.

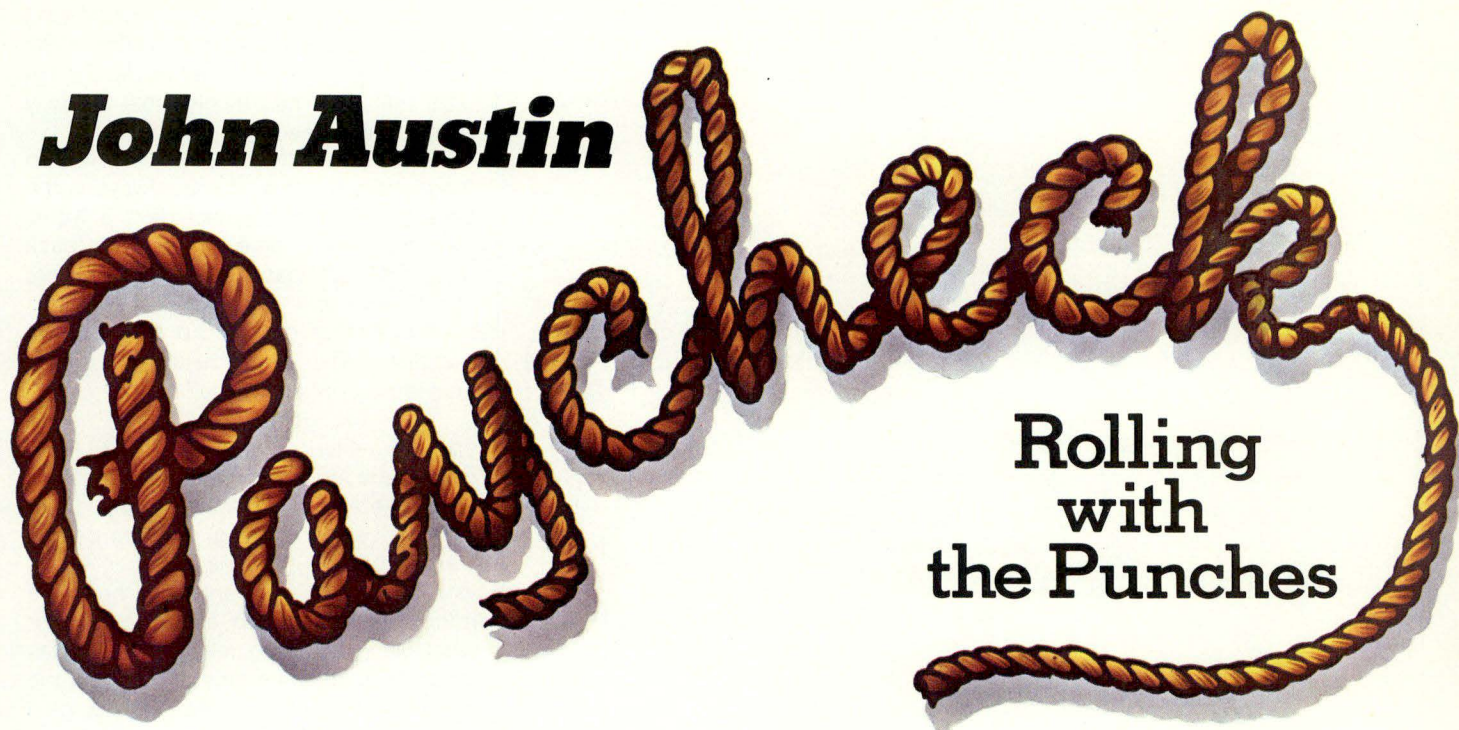








John Austin



Rolling with the Punches

Profile by John Morthland

There is something slightly incongruous about this whole scene. John Austin Paycheck has another brand-new image and is sitting in a conference room in the brand-new CBS building on Nashville's increasingly brand-new Music Row. After much prodding from this reporter, Paycheck begins to describe three not so sparkling years of his life. It is a story he does not like to tell. In 1967, after several years of ups and downs as a country and western singer, he left Nashville for self-imposed exile in Los Angeles.

"I was living nowhere. I was living in the back seats of cars, sleeping in nightclubs after they closed, staying at people's houses. I was up and awake at all times, you might say 80 percent of the time, because I was into the drug scene good. Just pills, but a lot of them. And liquor.

"All I did was pick in nightclubs, bars.

No money—basically, I'd play for my drinks. I'd bum a dollar or two, or they'd give me a few bucks so I could buy cigarettes. The guy runnin' the band, I'd sleep in his back room or his pickup or whatever. After a couple years, I'd just completely given up, I really didn't care anymore—about nothing. It was just go, go, go.

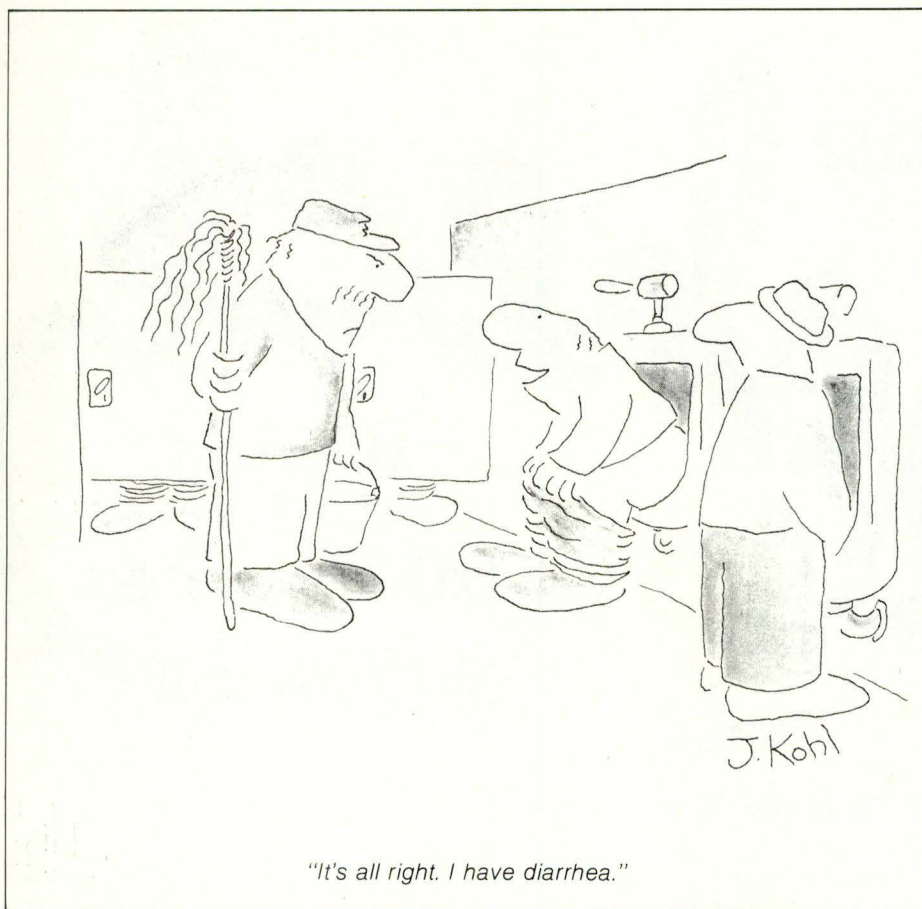
"A typical week started on Wednesday. I used to sleep on Monday and Tuesday—that's when I'd revitalize myself, sleep straight through, 48 hours. On Wednesday, we'd go to work at 9 P.M. and pick till 1 or 1:30 in the morning. We'd then have a private party. We'd drink and party and pick the rest of the night and all the next day, then clean up a little and go back to the club again. We'd go like that through Friday night. Then, when the regular job ended Friday, we'd start at an after-hours club. We'd work there until early morning and then we'd go to an all-day jam ses-

sion. It was like that right on through Monday morning, and a lot of times I'd go right on past that, too."

Country music is full of similar stories about good old boys nearly killing themselves with such recklessness. Even in this atmosphere, though, Paycheck's story is particularly noteworthy. Jerry Lee Lewis once recorded an appropriate tune called "(My Life Would Make) A Damn Good Country Song." That sentiment is equally valid for Paycheck.

After dropping out of school in the seventh grade, Donald Lytle (Paycheck's real name) drifted for a while. He ended up in the navy, where he fractured a commanding officer's skull one drunken night while his ship was in dry dock in Brooklyn. He got 18 years in the brig, but review boards later reduced the term to two years. Before that time was up, Lytle had escaped twice. The first time, he was a fugitive for six months. Recaptured and

Paycheck, who's escaped from a navy prison twice, is by his own description a "headstrong" man. Though he's had various stage images, several things have kept him from becoming a country and western superstar: his self-destructive habits, bad business decisions and changing music trends.



"It's all right. I have diarrhea."

put in maximum security, he escaped again—by sawing his way through the roof of a shower. His second taste of freedom lasted only five hours.

After his stint in the navy, he drifted back to Nashville. From 1959 to 1965, then calling himself Donnie Young, he fronted for bands and roared with such country-music stars as Faron Young, Ray Price and George Jones.

When Paycheck set up a base in Nashville in '59, there was no Music Row. The district, which is located near downtown Nashville, was residential, and music industry offices were all in the heart of the city, near Ryman Auditorium, home of the Grand Ole Opry. Paycheck would drift into town, drop off a few songs at Tree Publishing Company, then drift back to Florida, Texas, California, Nevada or his native Ohio. He had no material possessions in those days, and he wanted none. He earned enough money playing in various towns to keep him going. When he'd drift back to Nashville, he might have a royalty check waiting for him at Tree, or he might not. Off and on he would take a job as a sideman. His idol, George Jones, hired him to play bass and sing tenor. He joined Ray Price for a while, then went back to Jones.

The daily grind for a touring musician, especially a country musician, is hard

enough—strings of one-nighters in coliseums and nightclubs hundreds of miles apart, reached by a bus that serves both as transportation and a home away from home. He stays on the road as long as possible because that's his meal ticket.

"But in those days it was so much different; it was dirty, tough. Then you traveled in station wagons, and you sat up in the back seat for 500 miles. They didn't have many freeways back then either; it was those two-lane roads a majority of the time—dangerous. You'd get yourself a fifth of whiskey and... 'get down.' That way you could drink yourself to sleep."

When Paycheck wasn't on the road, he was either in Texas, Ohio or back in Nashville, where he'd stay at Mom Upchurch's boardinghouse. The old house was occupied solely by musicians, 10 to 20 at a time, and it was cheap—something like \$10 a week, \$12 with food. "She was a sweet old woman. If you was working, you paid her," Paycheck recalls. "If you wasn't working, you owed her. If you owed her, you always paid her. You know what I mean? But you always had a place to lay down and hang your clothes."

During that period, Paycheck earned a reputation as a mean and unpredictable drunk. He still wasn't thinking in terms of a career, just living from day to day. When he'd talk to recording company executives

about cutting a record, they'd usually tell him to come back when he was sober. But honky-tonking was his way of life. He figured that if he had to give that up, why bother? Who needs it?

"That's one of the reasons it took me so long," he says now. "I was always in the bars here in town, seven days a week. Take out enough time to sleep, get back up and be right back down there drinking, singing and, you know."

"But lots of others did that, too," I suggest. "Why were you singled out as such an exceptional case?"

"Yeah, you got a point there," he responds, gesturing nervously. "I don't know what made me that much different, unless it was the amount of drinking that I did or the time I spent drinking; very few people were in bars *all* the time. In other words, wherever it was happening, I'd be in the middle of it. We had a little clique, or whatever you want to call it, and if we was in off the road, we'd meet to jam and the whole town would be there, see. You gain an image; people think of you a certain way because of that. There's a lot of trouble you can get into. If they'd raid a place, I'd always get busted 'cause I'd always be there. Then somebody'd have to come and get me out and people'd be talking about it the next day."

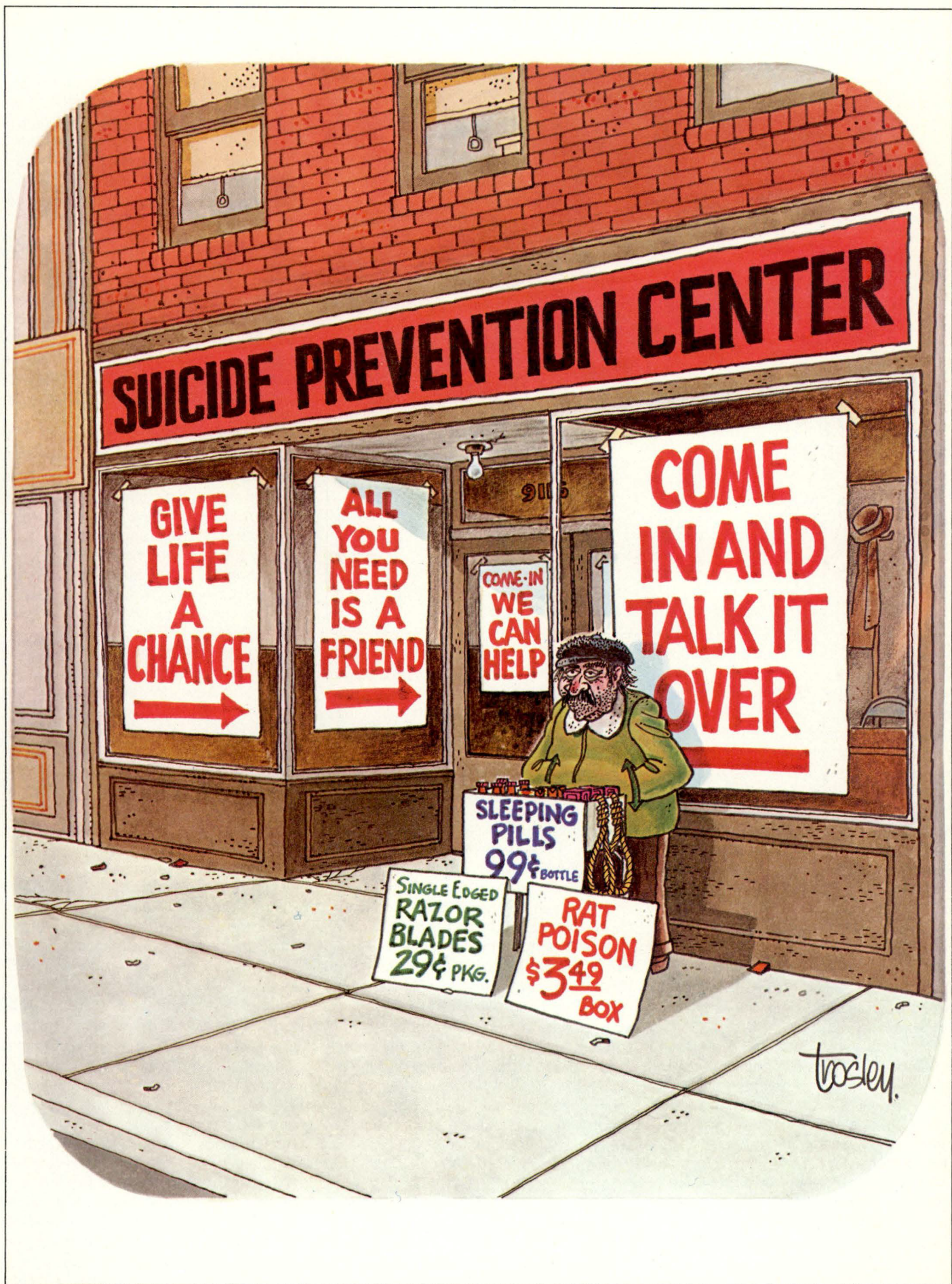
After going on like this for a couple of years, he finally scored a hit ("A-11"), started his own record company—Little Darlin'—and changed his name to Johnny Paycheck. During that period, Paycheck produced such classic down-and-out honky-tonk hits as "Juke Box Charlie" and "Lovin' Machine," as well as such excruciatingly morbid album cuts as "I've Got Someone to Kill." When Little Darlin' folded a few years later, Paycheck's partner in the company escaped financially unscathed but left him holding the bag.

Fed up with the business world, he dropped out and moved to Los Angeles. He made no records but played anonymously in Southern California "for the sheer love of the music."

Paycheck is by his own description a "headstrong" man. This has gotten him into hot water in the past, but it has also helped him to get out of it. However, he credits his wife, Sharon, whom he met in L.A., with pulling him out of that horrendous tailspin he was into during the last half of the 60s.

"What she saw in me at that time I don't know," he muses. "But she saw something and jumped on my wagon. I resisted at first. I'd say, 'You gotta take me like I am,' that sort of thing. But then I got to thinking I wanted to do better."

My own perception is that there's even





"He followed me home, Pa. Can I fuck him?"

STRATTON

more to it than that. Paycheck's greatest attribute is his resilience, his ability to pick himself up off the floor and come back swinging, regardless of the most recent setback. That, combined with his justifiable confidence in his singing, has served him well each time he has had to make a comeback.

Paycheck made his first comeback when Billy Sherrill, producer extraordinaire, signed him with Epic. In 1971, they scored big with the album *She's All I Got*. However, just before it broke, Paycheck's previous financial problem with Little Darlin' came back to haunt him. He was sentenced to 11 months and 29 days in jail on a bad check charge. When the record hit the charts, and it looked as though Paycheck would be able to clear his debts, the sentence was suspended.

Paycheck had by now been detoxified and was living a clean-cut life, wearing suits to his performances, and the whole bit. "She's All I Got," the album's title song, was a hit as a single and the first of Paycheck's many devotional upbeat love ballads produced by Sherrill. Sherrill relied on basic string and vocal arrangements to produce middle-of-the-road country music, which was designed to cross over the easy-listening and pop charts in order to win bigger sales.

She's All I Got was followed by a string

of hits, all in the familiar Sherrill mold. Paycheck was on top of the world, talking excitedly about how this was *it*, everything was straightened out, and his future was bright. But that lasted barely five years because something unprecedented was happening in country music.

Country music had been dominated by producers. They chose the songs, told the musicians how to play the instrumental track, and then told the artist how to vocalize over it. The so-called Nashville sound was simply a standardization of certain producers' techniques, and eventually everything coming out of Music City sounded pretty much the same.

A few years ago, Willie Nelson and Waylon Jennings began a resistance to that method. They had a unique sound and refused to sign with producers who couldn't hear it. Producing their own records, or working with outsiders more in tune with their thinking, they attracted followers who normally were not fans of country music: students, urban sophisticates and the like. Jennings, Nelson and others revolutionized the music industry with unprecedented sales of a type of country music that was unlike the homogenized Nashville sound. They became known as "outlaws," partly because they bypassed traditional Nashville channels to take control of their own business

and artistic affairs and partly because they perpetuated a romanticized western mythology in their songs. This outlaw movement, which originated in Austin, Texas, became a force to contend with by 1975, when Nelson's *Red Headed Stranger* album and "Blue Eyes Crying in the Rain" single were the big records of the year. The Country Music Association, joining those it couldn't beat, named Jennings male vocalist of the year.

The outlaw artists were dominating the charts, and mainstream country artists suffered. Paycheck was among them. Although his records in 1975 were not inferior to his earlier ones, sales slipped drastically. By 1976, sales had not picked up, and to complicate matters he had run up sizable gambling debts. He declared bankruptcy and found himself starting over again.

Paycheck was hungry for money and more hits, and when he saw how well the outlaws were doing, he jumped right on the bandwagon. He changed his name to John Austin Paycheck and put away the suit in favor of Levi's and a cowboy hat. He grew a beard. And he released a new album that was a radical departure from his previous works. In keeping with his new outlaw image, he titled it *11 Months & 29 Days*.

Paycheck finally gets around to discussing that new image with this reporter in that brand-new conference room in Nashville. The way he wears his leather coat and Levi's, turquoise jewelry and half-unbuttoned shirt gives him a purposely disheveled look. He's a surprisingly small man, but when he leans forward to make a point, a huge brass Lone Star Beer belt buckle clunks against the edge of the table. It's all part of his new image. I ask him whether an artist can simply put on a new hat every time sales start slipping and he has to grope for new followers. Aren't audiences skeptical of his new rabble-rousing image, coming as it does right after the Brooks-Brothers-suit phase of his career?

"Nope," he insists, "not at all. The people that haven't followed me before, it's all new to them and they love it. But the people that have followed me all along, they know that, if anything, the suit and tie image was not really me. I was always a rogue and they knew that."

So Paycheck is beginning his career over again. It is not the first time; it probably won't be the last. He is still chasing that same brass ring. Although he's one of country music's finest singers, several things have kept him from becoming a superstar: his self-destructive habits, bad

(continued on page 94)



"OK, Ethel, I know there's a man in here! Now where is the cocksucker?"



ALLISON

*A Touch
of
Class*





A

llison says she is attracted to anything gold. "It is really my color. Some people think it's a cold metal, but it makes me feel warm and secure." Allison is also partial to older, established men. "I need the security that a rich man provides."



When Allison wants to feel a deeper warmth, however, she goes out looking for something in a blue collar. "I can find men in bars where my father used to hang out who give me something just as good as gold. When I get them home, I like to watch these rough-handed men avoid touching anything

of value. They don't really fit in."

Like a predatory bird, Allison haunts these bars before a night on the town at fashionable places. Using her high-class appearance to catch them off-guard, she pounces on her prey and drags them off in her talons. She dirties the sheets with these men as she

enjoys a necessary pleasure from their common handling. Then Allison shuttles them out the back door, checks for greasy fingerprints, and prepares for the arrival of her date for the evening—a doctor or a lawyer.

"I can have my adventures," Allison claims. "I'm entitled."





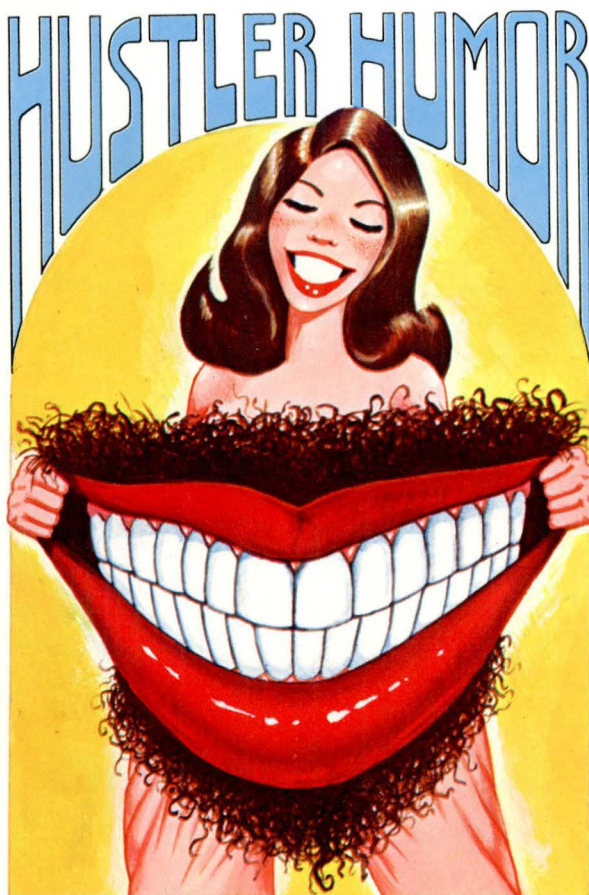






HUSTLER'S HONEY · APRIL 1977





Fresh out of the marines, a young man was traveling through Nevada on a bus. Sign after sign advertised pussy for sale, and he soon became unbearably horny. So he asked the bus driver to let him out at the next sign, and he strutted up to the nearest whorehouse and banged loudly on the door until the madam appeared.

"How much?" he asked.

"Depends on what you want," she answered. "But we start out at ten dollars."

Feeling in his pockets, he said, "I've only got two dollars, lady, but I'll make you a deal. If I can tell you how many times your best whore got fucked last night, will you gimme 15 minutes with her?"

Unsure of what he had up his sleeve, the madam reluctantly agreed to the deal and showed him to the girl's room. He closed the door, remained inside for about two minutes, then came out and proudly announced, "She was fucked 18 times."

"Right!" exclaimed the madam. "But how in the hell did you know?"

"Easy," said the freaky young man. "I just drank her douche water and counted the lumps as they went down."

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *Pussy* as: a furry little animal that swallows its meat whole and never chokes to death.

HUSTLER's helpful tip for the john: Always shake off the drips with a sideward motion. That way the guy at the next urinal gets wet instead of you.

One night Joe dreamed that he had died and gone to heaven. As he reached the Pearly Gates, a small, white-haired old man appeared with hordes of naked women behind him. Joe stared at them in amazement.

"If I'm in heaven," Joe said to the old man, "you must be Saint Peter."

"You are correct," came the answer.

"Well, Saint Peter, do you think I could get some pussy from that blonde over there?"

"Certainly, my son," replied Saint Peter. "This is heaven; you can have anything you want."

After a short time, Joe returned and asked, "Do you think I could get some pussy from that brunette, too?"

"Why, of course," answered Saint Peter.

After a short while, Joe returned again, this time with a pained look on his face. "Where can I take a shit?" he asked the old man.

"Just hang your ass over the edge of a cloud," said Saint Peter, "and do it. After you've finished, just tear off a piece of the cloud and wipe your ass."

Suddenly Joe was awakened by his wife, who was shaking him furiously. "What in the hell is wrong with you?" he asked.

"I don't mind you calling me Saint Peter all night long," she responded angrily, "nor do I mind you screwing the hell out of me. And I don't even mind the shit in my face, but when you wipe your ass on my new sheets that's when I stop the show!"

A woman walked into a bar carrying a duck under her arm. The local drunk saw this and asked, "Say there, whatcha doin' with that pig?"

"That's not a pig, stupid!" she said coldly. "That's a duck!"

"I know," replied the drunk. "I was talking to the duck."

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines a *Con Artist* as: a man so full of shit that if he had an enema he could be buried in a shoe box.

Murphy took his bride to Acapulco, and she accidentally drowned in the surf.

One year later he remarried and went on a honeymoon cruise with his second wife, and she fell overboard and was lost at sea.

Heartbroken, Murphy returned home. After a year of mourning, he married for the third time.

Hoping to avoid another honeymoon tragedy, he and his bride left for the West Coast in a private plane. But unfortunately the plane crashed in the desert, killing his wife and the pilot.

As Murphy lay dying on the burning sands, he appealed to the heavens, "Why, God? Why me?"

Suddenly a huge finger pointed at him from the sky and a voice thundered across the desert: "I don't know, Murphy," the voice replied, "there's just something about you that pisses me off."

HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut buster lately, how about sending it our way? Submit your joke on a file card, mailed in a sealed envelope, to: HUSTLER Humor, 40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215. If your joke is selected, we will send you a check for \$25. Sorry, no returns.

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THE NEW PIRATES DRUG RUNNERS

ARTICLE BY MILT MACHLIN

Since 1971, hundreds of boats, boat owners and crew members have disappeared in the southeastern Atlantic, the Gulf of Mexico and the Pacific, from California to Hawaii. The great percentage of the victims were targets of drug smugglers, who have found that hijacking can be accomplished easily and the owners disposed of at sea with little fear of apprehension. To date, not one of the owners of these vessels has been found. Officials assume that most, if not all, have been murdered.

The famous "French Connection" bust intercepted an estimated 12 million dollars' worth of pure heroin. Severance of the connection—plus Turkey's cutback on the cultivation of opium poppies—generated a lot of heat. Drug-law enforcement emphasis in this country then shifted to cocaine and marijuana smuggling.

Central and South America and the Caribbean are plentiful sources of coke and grass. Cocaine is compact but enormously expensive (the value of one pound of cocaine is about \$25,000), and also enormously profitable. Airline passengers, known as "mules," are able to

ILLUSTRATION BY ANDY ZITO

carry enough of the drug concealed around their bodies to make a killing, depending on the number of pounds they can strap to themselves. If a mule stashes cocaine in luggage, he takes a tremendous risk because of increased airline security and customs inspections.

Small private aircraft can carry a couple hundred pounds of the bulkier drugs, like marijuana. But flying it into the country has certain drawbacks. The plane must fly lower than radar's detection range, the pilot must be able to land on small, improvised landing strips or he must be able to make a drop on a relatively small target. This method is not foolproof, as illustrated by one incident in which a fish and wildlife agent, who was patrolling in the Everglades at night, trying to catch alligator poachers, became the target of two flying smugglers. At the edge of a big swamp, a light aircraft approached and made a pass at the agent. Thinking it was his spotter plane, the agent flashed a signal to the pilot with his flashlight. A passenger in the plane apparently mistook the light for his drop signal and shoved two 200-pound bundles of marijuana out the door. With uncanny accuracy, one bundle hit the agent's aluminum boat and sank it.

To make big profits with the so-called softer drugs, hashish and marijuana, it is easier to move them by boat. An investment of \$45,000 in compressed marijuana (Sears Roebuck reports surprisingly large sales of their trash compactors to Caribbean and South American countries) can reap a profit of \$500,000 after the weed is delivered in the United States.

Drug smugglers discovered problems with using boats. If they hired willing boat-owner collaborators, they often got ripped off, and occasionally killed, by the owners. On the other hand, buying a boat big enough to make the long voyage from South America to the States involved an enormous outlay of money, from \$20,000 up to \$100,000 or more.

Smugglers soon realized that all this was unnecessary. They could rip off a boat, use it for a one-way smuggling trip, and then sink or abandon it. They could even sail it to a foreign port, change markings and sell it to make an additional profit.

Commander Marshall K. Phillips, chief watch officer of the Coast Guard operations center, told me that the Coast Guard has no way of knowing how many boats are actually missing or why.

"Many boats are not reported missing since they are not expected at any specific destination. It is hard to make a definite case in most of these hijacking affairs, since the boats frequently are sunk or disappear, and the crew and passengers are

murdered and thrown overboard, where their bodies are never found. Even when we know a boat is missing and has identification, it is not easy to find it in the open sea. Many of the cases that are reported do not reach our attention until months after the disappearance, by which time the evidence is all gone.

"In fact," he continued, "only four cases of actual hijacking have been documented in the last three years, but the possibility that as many as 30 or more vessels may have fallen victim to the hijackers cannot be discounted despite the lack of hard evidence."

Two New Jersey girls and two Miami brothers, the witnesses to a smuggling operation, were found shot in the head.

Congressman John M. Murphy of New York, chairman of the Coast Guard and Navigation Subcommittee, has conducted his own research in Nassau, Jamaica and the Leeward and Windward Islands. His staff's assessment of the problem is even more grim than Phillips's: "Literally hundreds of boats and hundreds of owners and crew have disappeared since 1971...the great bulk of the victims were actual or suspected targets of drug smugglers."

According to Murphy's chief investigator, Carl Perian, 44 of these missing boats have disappeared under similar circumstances: All were capable of making long voyages and carrying large cargoes; all carried at least one suspicious crewman, hired just before they disappeared; all the owners or operators carried large sums of money aboard or were outfitted for long voyages; the vessels left their last ports of call unobserved.

The Coast Guard admits that this list of circumstances leads to a strong suspicion that the vessels were hijacked by drug smugglers.

A perusal of the missing yacht cases calls to mind bloodcurdling tales of pirates on the Spanish Main—except that the Spanish Main pirates operated with their own boats. The buccaneers of the 70s operate largely on a one-shot basis, commandeering the boats of others and deep-sixing the evidence of piracy at the end of a

profitable trip. Among the evidence sent to the bottom, of course, are the owners and passengers.

Coast Guard subcommittee investigators checked a case in Key Largo, Florida, in which four young people were believed to have witnessed a smuggling operation by persons who used a stolen 28-foot cabin cruiser, the *Ardel*. The witnesses, two New Jersey girls and two Miami brothers, were shot in the head. A fifth person involved in the case was found shot in the head and chest and wrapped in chains in a canvas shroud 50 yards off Key Largo's shores. He was characterized as a playboy involved in narcotics dealing. The case is still under investigation by the Florida Department of Law Enforcement.

The *Lupita*, a trawler yacht used for deep-sea fishing, was leased from an American company by two American couples in Mexico, who then hired a pickup crew. It is suspected that the crew murdered the couples and used the boat for a one-time drug run. The *Lupita* was never seen intact again. It was found stripped on San Jose Island, 55 miles from La Paz, Mexico.

The case of the *Lupita* is a tragic one, and it is cases such as this that prompted the Murphy investigation and a Coast Guard memo. The memo, issued as "a warning and an antihijack primer," cautions that: "A couple of young and determined men in possession of a suitable vessel can take one big chance in bringing in a large shipment of narcotics and, if successful, reap a fantastic profit. The odds are with the pirates, as the habits of most long-range cruising yachtsmen are somewhat relaxed when it comes to meeting their voyage schedules and reporting their trip progress; thus friends or relatives do not become unduly concerned when they do not hear from the voyagers for quite a while, giving the hijackers or pirates ample time to do in the ship's company, make a fast trip to a pickup rendezvous, return with a cargo, deliver or cache it, and dispose of the vessel by sinking it at sea, all before the yacht has been reported missing and a search started."

Another trawler yacht, the *Peregrine*, was slated to be transported for its owners from Acapulco, via the Panama Canal, to the Cayman Islands by a pickup crew of six young men from Southern California. The yacht disappeared. Investigators learned that before leaving, the crew had ordered extra rations and large quantities of food, water and fuel. And several of the crew members were suspected of being involved in drug trafficking.

The case of the *Kamalii* is one of the most dramatic. The *Kamalii* was a large racing sailboat that was hijacked from a Honolulu



"It's an extra ten bucks if I have to swallow it."

yacht club by three armed men. Three crew members were set adrift in a life raft, without water or food, 140 miles out at sea. Luckily, an Italian freighter picked them up about five hours later, and the captain alerted the Coast Guard in Hawaii. According to the rescued crewmen, the three hijackers had seized the yacht and forced them to set sail. The Coast Guard sent out long-range search aircraft, which spotted the *Kamalii* and then dropped a message ordering it to return to Honolulu. The hijackers picked up the message but continued on their course toward Tahiti.

Coast Guard and air force planes kept the yacht under constant surveillance by dropping flares overhead and reporting its position to the Coast Guard cutter *Point Corwin*. The cutter, armed with machine guns, intercepted the *Kamalii* and ordered the three hijackers, who were armed with knives, pistols and rifles, to return to Honolulu. Under interrogation, the hijackers confessed that they were taking the yacht to Thailand to pick up a load of heroin and other drugs.

Another racing yacht, the *Esprit*, was also hijacked by three men. This time the crime was successful. The *Esprit* disappeared from Hawaii and neither the boat nor its crew has been seen since.

Hijackers grabbed the 54-foot yacht *Saba Bank*, which once belonged to suave 59-year-old bandleader Simon Zentner, in one of the few incidents that is now officially classified as a yacht jacking. The *Saba Bank* disappeared after departing from Nassau, one of the real hot spots in the world of hijacking and smuggling. According to drug-law enforcement officials, known and suspected drug traffickers had been seen hanging around Zentner's yacht shortly before its departure.

Federal agents are reasonably sure that the trawler *Puerto Limon*, which left Houston, Texas, for Costa Rica with 12 people aboard, was hijacked for use in drug smuggling, since known drug traffickers were observed on board the ship before its departure. It was last sighted off the coast of the Yucatan Peninsula. Even though the vessel carried four marker beacons that automatically activate upon contact with the water, the Coast Guard's search of 100,000 square miles of ocean turned up no signals or sightings. It is presumed by the Coast Guard that the 12 crew members were murdered.

Another case was reminiscent of a scenario for a Hollywood epic. An elderly American couple departed from Fort Lauderdale aboard their luxury yacht *Como No* to travel through the Panama Canal on the way to their retirement home on the West Coast. The wife wrote daily letters

to her daughter describing the yachting trip. She wrote that they had hired a young Dutchman while in Nassau and that the Dutchman had, in turn, talked them into hiring a second crewman, a West Indian. The *Como No* then apparently sailed to Venezuela, and the tone of the woman's letters started to change, indicating fear of her two young crewmen. Shortly before the boat passed through the Panama Canal, the letters stopped. The *Como No* never arrived in California. Investigators have since discovered that the identities of both the Dutchman and the West Indian were

It is reasonable to assume that several hundred people have been murdered by hijacker-smugglers.

false. The case is listed as another unsolved hijacking by drug smugglers.

In cases such as that of the *Como No*, a little extra precaution on the part of the owners could have prevented the hijacking. "Know your crew!" continues the Coast Guard document mentioned earlier. "Particularly hired crewmen. But do not overlook that charming tagalong guest you met around the marina or the docks, who was agreeable to making the voyage just for the fun of it! ... insist on positive identification."

The owner of the *Iamamou*, a \$60,000 yacht, didn't take these precautions. Some of his companions on a voyage from South America to the West Coast were suspected by the Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) to be drug dealers. The owner himself had been known to use drugs but was "clean" at the time of the voyage. In addition, he picked up two French crewmen in Colombia to help him take the ship through the Panama Canal and on to the West Coast. The *Iamamou* never even reached the canal. When the boat's disappearance was reported, a search was initiated by the Coast Guard. Eight months later, an informant told the Guard that the boat was in Pointe à Pitre, Guadeloupe, a French possession. French police seized the *Iamamou* and arrested the two crew members. Both men, the police discovered, were dangerous criminals with drug-trafficking records. The Coast Guard said the

pirates claimed "the Americans 'gave' them the yacht."

The yacht owner's uncle sent a private investigator to the Caribbean in the hope of finding the young man still alive. The investigator was murdered! Just before he was killed, the detective wrote: "It's the opinion of this investigator that (names deleted) are presently in control of the *Iamamou*, that in all probability this boat is being kept in French Caribbean waters, that (names deleted) are aware of the present location of both Dan (last name deleted) and (name deleted), whether alive or dead; and that unfortunately thus far in this investigation, all indications are that the subject Dan has been murdered, the prime suspects being (names deleted), their motive: illegal narcotic transactions." Apparently frightened by the type of people they were dealing with, the family decided to go no further.

Congressman Murphy's investigators were supplied with copies of the dead detective's reports, which shed light on narcotics operations in Central and South America. There were frequent references in these reports to drug dealers from these areas who were also engaged in smuggling.

These smuggling operations are said to involve thousands of tons of dope—and hundreds of millions of dollars. In one smuggling attempt, three Americans were arrested in a leased trawler. They had \$45,000 in cash and each carried a gun. Had a dope deal gone through, they would have collected at least a half million dollars. In another incident at about the same time, the Coast Guard cutter *Diligence* ordered the 45-foot yacht *Tarus* to move to calm waters off Haiti for boarding and investigation. Instead, the three people aboard set the yacht afire and leaped over the side. The *Tarus* exploded and sank; however, 86 bales of compacted marijuana floated to the surface. The Coast Guard rescued the three persons who had abandoned ship, and they were charged with conspiring to smuggle marijuana into the United States.

Hunting drug smugglers in the Caribbean has, incidentally, provided many Coast Guardsmen with a unique form of competition. Patrol boats that make successful drug interceptions now signal their triumphs to other boats in their Miami base by flying the "Cannabis flag," an improvised banner with a green marijuana leaf on a white field. One cutter's crew flew it twice in one week after seizing two shipments inbound from Jamaica, one worth \$275,000 and the other worth \$5 million.

Jamaica, in fact, has been the focus of a combined U. S.-Jamaican antidrug drive called, appropriately enough, "Operation,

(continued on page 98)

EXCLUSIVE

THE HITTE REPORT

EXPOSED



Comment by Tim Conaway



Would you have your plumbing installed by a chef? Would you trust a carpenter to perform surgery on you? We doubt it. Yet many American women are buying—and believing—a sex study done by Shere Hite, a former history student, whose work is marred by a feminist bias. *HUSTLER* bares the full story behind *The Hite Report*, complete with these photos of Hite taken during her “modeling” days in New York.

Hite, now 34 years old, began distributing the first in a series of four questionnaires in 1972. After receiving 3019 responses to 100,000 questionnaires during a four-year period, she compiled the answers to form the basis of her book. But her research methods were faulty, and her insistence on drawing conclusions from incomplete data makes *The Hite Report* a threat to better sexual relations rather than the constructive guidebook it could have been. However, this hasn't kept it from skyrocketing in sales—it's already in its third printing, for a total of 60,000 copies. And the book is expected to sell 500,000 copies this spring.

The reports from Kinsey and Masters and Johnson led us to believe that we knew all about the full realm of female sexuality. Hite's book indicates otherwise. But the woman who's being hailed by some as the replacement for these great scientific researchers is even more mysterious than the cause of female orgasm. The new sex guru, who claims to be a former fashion model, said publicly that she doesn't want to talk about her past “because when you say ‘model,’ people think you are frivolous.” We can see from these photos why people might think that of her.

These pictures of Hite were taken by Sam Menning in 1968. Menning used to sell similar pictures to adult erotica stores along New York's 42nd Street. In fact, he said he found these pictures of Hite in his long-forgotten files.

We wondered what the newly crowned queen of female sexuality thinks of men's magazines and specifically what her opinion is of her own nude photos. So I gave her a call.

After introducing myself, I stated, “We

have some photos of you in the nude taken by Sam Menning in 1968.”

As soon as I'd finished the statement, Hite said, “That's great,” in a halting, nearly sarcastic monotone.

Did visions of that photo session nine years ago pop into her head? We may never know, since Hite refused to comment further on the photos.

I had already learned through her agent that Hite would not comment on men's magazines since she hadn't researched them or drawn any conclusions. However, one would think that research would be unnecessary for Hite to comment on having posed for photos, resplendent in feathered headress, with her massive, furry muff bared for the world to see. Can a woman be that easily embarrassed after being photographed in what appears to be the process of giving birth to a poodle? (See photo, above.)

Apparently, attention to detail has never been one of Hite's strong points, as is evidenced in her tacky appearance for these photos. Does Shere think that the

tampon string hanging from her snatch is attractive to men (see opposite page)? She doesn't impress us as the kind of girl whose string you could pull for a good time. But you have to admit that her filthy feet give her that "lived-in" look, and the cheap wig she's wearing looks like it was lived in by a pack of vermin. (See photo, lower left, page 74.)

Hite also claims to have modeled in Paris and Milan, and we wonder if some bookstores in those cities still have a few dusty prints of Ms. Sexuality in frivolous poses.

However, frivolous is too kind a word to describe how Hite has treated her work. After obtaining permission from the National Organization for Women (NOW) to use its letterhead on her questionnaires, Hite ostensibly set out to discover how women really feel about sex. And we at HUSTLER are all for any attempts to gain information on modern sexuality. But *The Hite Report* is a major disappointment, filled with faulty data, contradictions and feminist bullshit.

Had the book only comprised comments from women who answered the questionnaires, it probably would have dispelled myths about vaginal orgasms and informed women that they aren't alone with their "hang-ups" or preferences in sex. As it is, her explanations of how female orgasm occurs and that it is normal for each woman's cunt to look different are valuable.

But her insistence that it is not wrong for men to have sex without orgasm and that some women simply don't come because men control sex and society detracts from the book's value. Her indirect and direct relegations of man's role in sex to that of either bumbling idiot or machine have no place in an honest appraisal of sex.

Certainly there are some men who might enjoy sexual play without fucking or getting their nut, but how can anyone who's serious about improving the quality of sex suggest that this vital act is unnecessary? Hite refers in glowing terms to men of the Oneida Colony of 19th century New York, who purposely refrained from getting off. The feminist line here is that men are superfluous to sex; they're just an occasional luxury. Hite doesn't seem to realize that the Oneida Colony no longer exists.

Hite also tells us that since men control society, women are afraid to ask for more stimulation, one fear being that they will no longer be supported economically by their men. In other words, if a woman challenges male authority by asking her man to rub her clit, he'll throw her out in the cold. Come on, Shere, all you need to do is ask, and the entire male staff of HUSTLER will gratify you—simultaneously.





For Hite to draw conclusions from the responses to her questionnaires without the proper education or professional background is enough of an insult. But then to expect even a qualified researcher to draw anything but limited conclusions from this meager, biased sampling could lead to more of the misinformation Hite supposedly intended to stamp out.

Of course, in many cases the answers Hite has selected support her notions, but that may be because the responses are primarily from women who live on the East Coast, and from women who might tend to be influenced by the fact that the questionnaires bore NOW letterhead. Furthermore, her statistics are based only on the first three questionnaires, while comments from all four are used. And each of these questionnaires differed in one way or another from each of the others, although all the responses are lumped into the same pile.

Even Dr. Wardell Pomeroy, who co-authored the Kinsey studies, said about Hite's work, "I do not favor biases or politics when they enter the portals of science."

One of the questions in Hite's study asks, "Do you think sex is in any way political?" Although she apparently has her own reasons for discussing sexual politics in her book, Hite says that she must refrain from discussing the more common relationship between love and sex "since the politics of love still remain to be analyzed." This typically confused reasoning becomes even more obvious when the reader gets to the "Sex and Emotions" section.

There are other obvious contradictions. Although Hite's goal was to tell women what they *do* feel rather than what they *should* feel, she apparently couldn't resist pleasing the dykes at NOW by telling women that they "must learn to love, respect, honor and be attentive to and interested in other women. This includes seeing each other as physically attractive with the possibility of sexual intimacy." Maybe women can give Hite what she couldn't get from men, but a look at these pages shows us no reason why men wouldn't want to give her orgasm after multiple or sequential orgasm.

Hite doesn't seem interested in men giving orgasms to women. To "have an orgasm" is a passive, submissive female act, Hite claims. In the book, she misuses the word *orgasm* as a verb to mean that the woman "takes charge" to give herself an orgasm. If a woman has "power over [her] own orgasms," Hite points out, she will be one step closer to sexual freedom. This is another attempt to remove men from the sexual picture or to dominate men in sex.

At times Hite's work seems to have been twisted or compiled solely to adapt to and further advance feminist ideas. Perhaps the



most important contribution in her book is the information that few women achieve orgasm from intercourse, which is defined as the penis thrusting into the vagina—and that it is perfectly normal for women *not* to get off this way. But she destroys this section by using this information to once again promote the feminist crap that intercourse—sex with men—might not be necessary except to continue the idea of male dominance. She also tries to influence women against man's part in sex by telling them that some women who think they're having an orgasm from fucking are just experiencing an emotional release and not the *real* thing.

Hite even attacks men's magazines for "incorrectly" posing models with their backs arched to simulate orgasm. Hite thinks women *should* bend their backs *outward* during orgasm. Perhaps Hite never

felt comfortable arching her back for these photos. But we are in sarcastic awe of Hite's expertise if she can tell from a mere picture that a woman is climaxing.

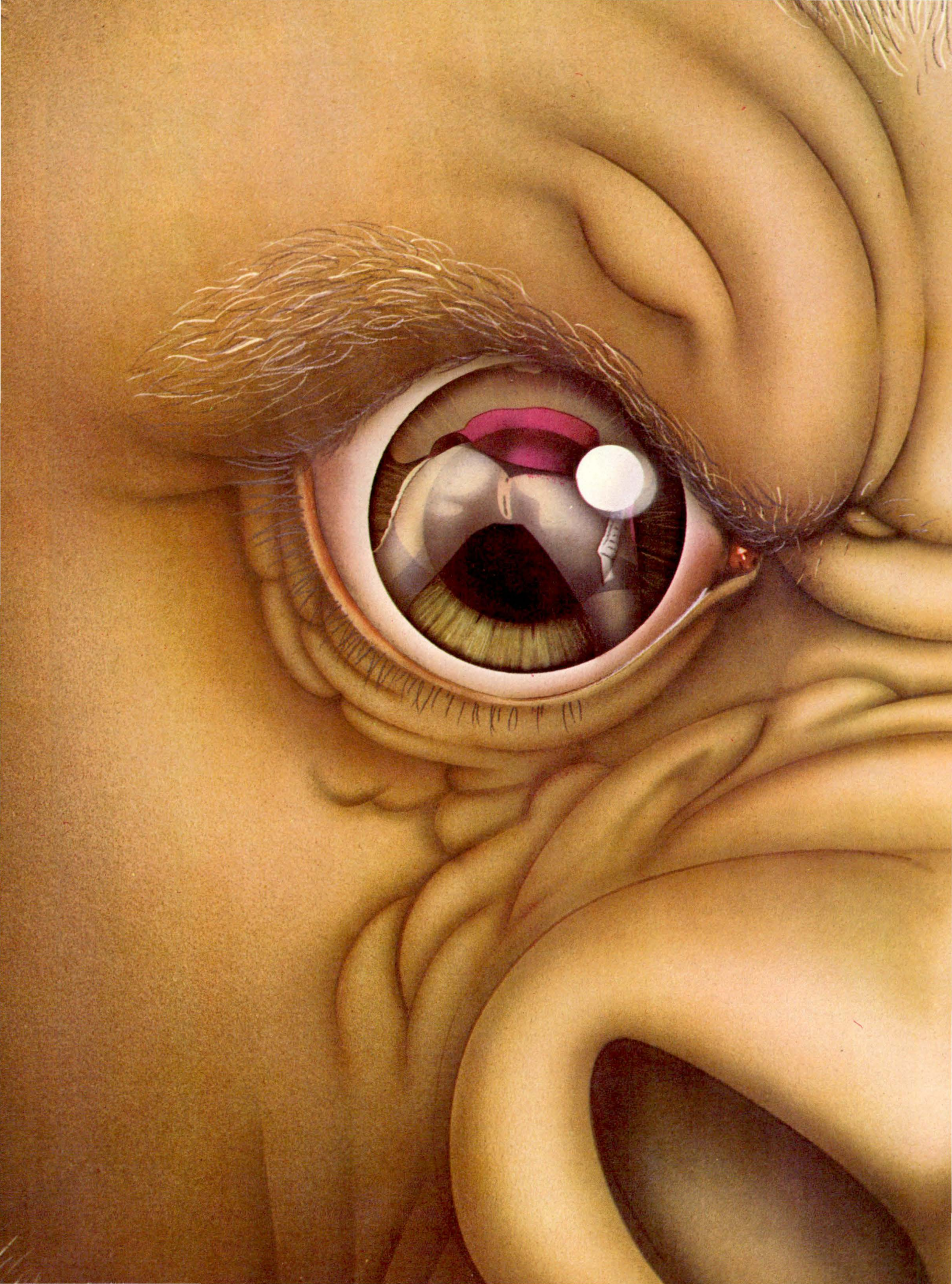
This New York-based "expert" further criticizes sex magazines for publishing false information and notions about sex. She evidently believes that her book is the height of scientific purity, and that the feminist bullshit she preaches is somehow above reproach.

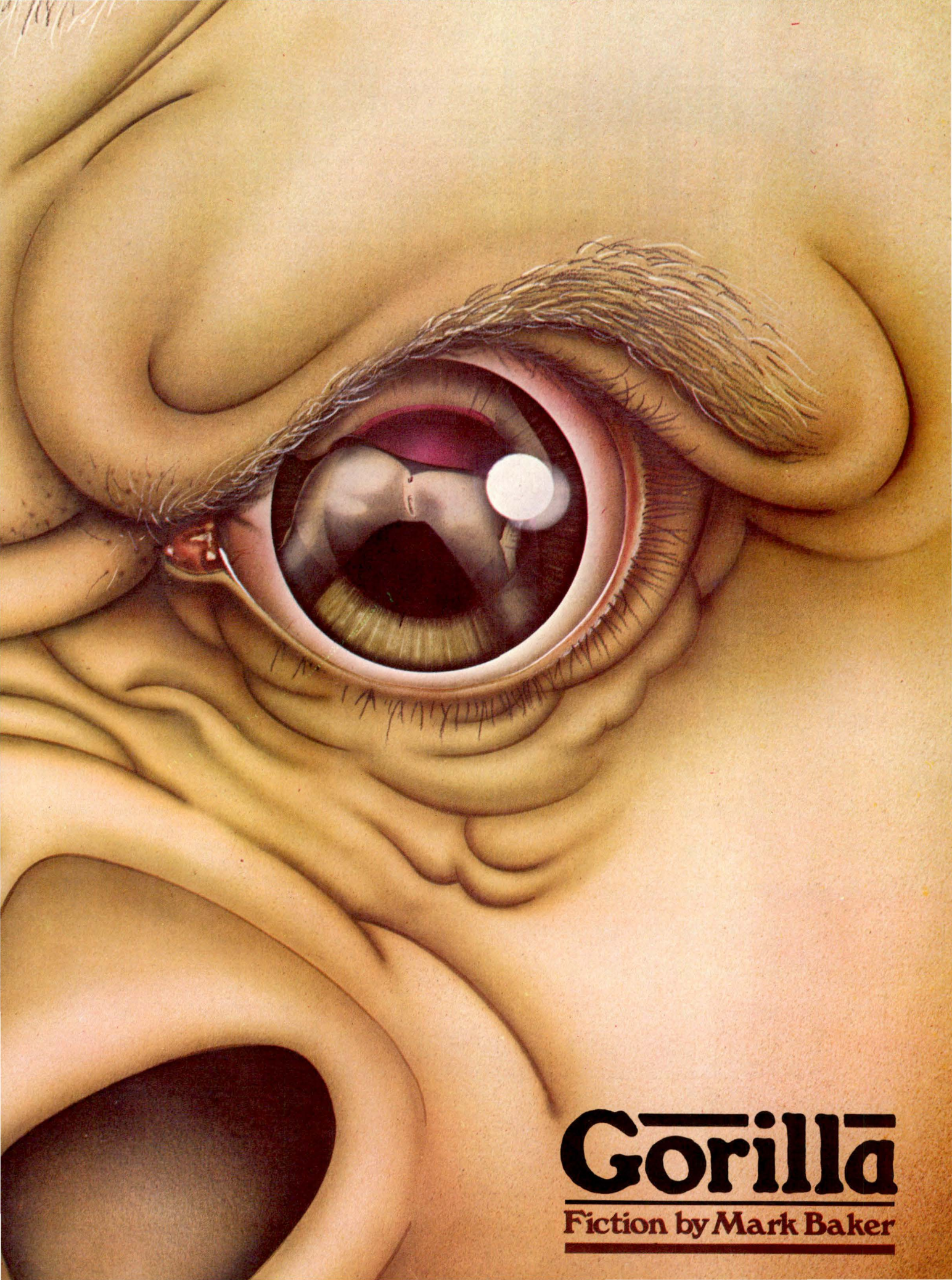
Lately, fashion models are notorious for branching into other fields, but they usually move into an area where their looks can pull them through even if they have no talent. Hite apparently prefers to tackle the field of sexual psychology and to use other women's bodies, rather than her own, to make a living nowadays.

Shere Hite has changed in other ways since her photo session with Sam Menning.

In fact, today you might not recognize her from these pictures. Her legs and armpits are furry, and her hair now sports a pubic-patch kinkiness. We doubt Shere does this to turn on the type of men discussed in this month's *Sex Play*; her body whiskers are intended to intimidate men. One wonders if she farts in public and stands up to piss. What you're looking at may be the last vestige of Shere Hite as a woman—the kind HUSTLER readers know and love and not the kind who want to turn men into human vibrators.

But you haven't heard the last of this one-time man pleaser. She is now compiling information about male sexuality, and if that book catches on like her first one has, be prepared to spend long hours with Rosie Palma and her five-fingered band. You may want to keep these photographs around for inspiration. 🌐





Gorilla

Fiction by Mark Baker

He scratched his belly with thick fingers and took a long, deep drag on the stubby cigarette, pursing his heavy lips. One eye, still trained at a blank spot on the green tile wall, pulled the overhanging brow into a painful squint because of the smoke. He spat a fleck of tobacco. It stuck to the blank green tile. His large dough-white head tilted in thought, he thumped the ashes between his meaty thighs into the bowl and strained again. He had been constipated for a week.

Jones liked the bathroom. Locked inside the small, jungle-green room, he was comfortable. The john was one of the only places left where he felt he could be alone—calm, thoughtful, himself. But he was there too fucking much lately, too fucking much. Goddamn constipation. It was the fucking Keeper's fault, this pressure in his intestines. The fucker had ruined Jones's last refuge, changing it into a cage. His bowels rumbled loudly and he listened intently to his body. He passed a small, hard, dry turd and squeaked out a bubble of gas.

Shit.

The smell of his own insides was reassuring though, and warm. He owned the

room again as the odor spread almost visibly over the sink and into the tub as it cooled and settled, spiraling down the drain.

Jones had to clear out his bowels here at home in the steamy tropical heat that lingered after his shower. He ran his hand over the stiff black stubble on his face and stared with inexplicable interest at the ugly yellow stain between the first two fingers on his right hand, cocking his head now to the other side like some albino ape deep in thought. Unlike here, the toilets at work were cold, and no matter when he went in there to sit and shit, Keeper always rattled the door to his stall, hurrying him up. He would be embarrassed by the stench of his spoor and the smartass comment: "God-damn, there's something dead in here."

The phone rang. He knew it was Keeper, the motherfucker. He could sense this somewhere between his shoulders. Jones spun the paper off and pulled it once between his cheeks on the fourth ring.

"What?" he bellowed into the receiver.

"Mr. Keeper would like to know where you are. Or in his words, 'Where the fuck is that shaved monkey Jones? It's already 8:15.'" It was Jane's voice, shrill and mocking. Jones knew that she was enjoying herself.

"Tell him that I'll be right in. The...um-

uh...clock...uh...didn't go off. Uh..." he stumbled over the words like he'd never learned to talk. "Tell him I'm...I'm sorry." Subdued, he shrugged his wide, rounded shoulders, and the black tufts of hair on his back rippled over the tight muscles.

The phone went dead.

He had to shave quickly and give up what little sanctuary his green-tiled toilet still held for him. Looking in the mirror, he bared his large yellow teeth, and a growl rose with the gorge in his throat as he thought of Keeper's balding skull and diamond-hard eyes. He lathered his chin and upper lip and down his neck to his collarbone. Jones attacked his own ugly face with a dull razor.

His reluctance to get to work released his mind to roam the last few weeks. He stared, mesmerized, without recognition, into the reflection of his deep-set eyes.

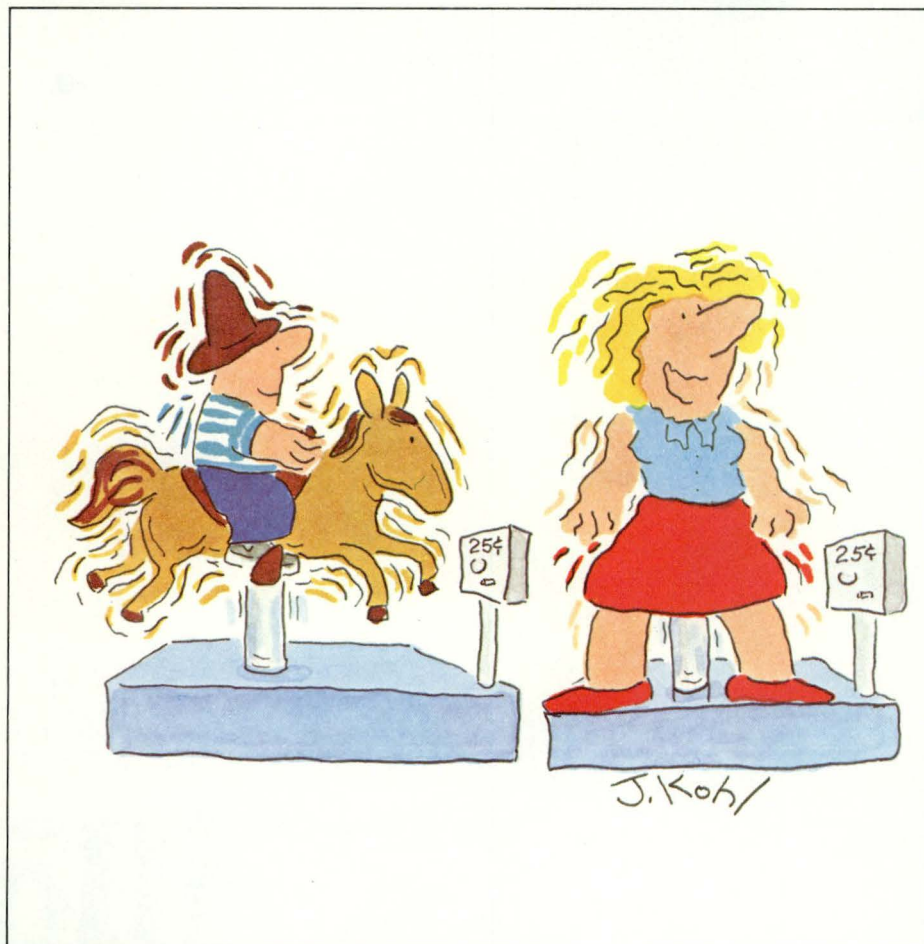
It had been back in the racks, near the loading dock of the warehouse that Jones ran for Keeper, back where nobody went because of the thick dust and the sudden screams that overloaded wooden beams would scream in the dim silence, back where Jones ate his lunch. Bare bulbs, hung 30 feet above the concrete floor, cast long shadows that exaggerated the length of Jones's arms as he swung from level to level and climbed the face of the racks with natural ease, marking the cardboard cartons with a stubby piece of colored chalk. If the warehouse hadn't belonged to Keeper, it would have belonged to Jones. But Keeper's father had built the business, and Jones had only built the racks.

His image in the glass grimaced as it watched the blunt blade pull off blackheads and reopen old cuts as he hurried to satisfy Keeper's impending rage.

Jane had been working for Keeper in the office maybe two weeks when it happened. She was tall and very blonde, her skin a translucent pale that showed blue veins. Jane had not spoken to Jones and he rarely spoke at all. He had watched her from above the light bulbs, squatting just below the rafters, as she walked through the racks on her way to the toilet at the back of the building. He would cup his balls with the hand in his pocket as she walked by three times a day to piss and fix her makeup, her ass pulled in tight, her long neck stretched and rigid.

Jones saw her cold image in the mirror instead of his own brutal features as he rinsed out the razor. He shook his head to clear it and began to press shreds of toilet tissue to the cuts in his throat and along his massive jaw. The red drops of blood held the paper on his face.

He had seen Keeper's thin white nose bleed from the slap she laid across his face



when he had stopped her just outside the door to the toilet and placed a nervous hand on her breast.

The sweat soaking into the back of Jones's shirt had turned to ice as she stalked back to the office, her face flushed with anger. The red stains spread on the white silk handkerchief Keeper held to his nose. Jane's eyes had quickly searched the darkness for Jones as she passed under his hiding place. The air was tinged with the smells of blood and perfume. Jones had licked his lips as he sank farther into the shadow of the rafters.

Jones gripped the edge of the sink, waiting for the bleeding of his razor cuts to stop. Unseeing, he continued to gaze into his reflection as he tried to assemble the disparate pieces of a puzzle beyond his comprehension.

She must have known he was there all along, although she tried to ignore him when he silently brought crumpled, dirt-smudged packing lists to her desk. Lately, Jones had felt her eyes riveted to the ropes of muscles in his arms, back and ass as he scrambled up the racks with a hundred pounds on one shoulder. He would turn instinctively to catch her standing still just inside the warehouse. His eyes would pin her momentarily to the wall, then the ice would glaze her pupils and she would walk to the toilet as if nothing had occurred. But he could smell her excitement even though the blank blue eyes denied it.

Jones was late for work and constipated.

* * *

When Jones finally arrived at work, he jumped obediently through the hoops and rings of fire in Keeper's office and cringed under Jane's cold blue stare. But rage boiled up through his blocked intestines and he was on the verge of vomiting as he ran for relief to the safety of his dark racks in the back.

Today, Jane's scent was very heavy. He sensed she was in his domain before the office door closed, before she had a chance to look at him. From the rafters, he watched her buttocks work down the long aisle at midmorning. He saw her push a blonde wave of hair behind her ear just before she pulled open the door to the toilet. He saw her glance back over her shoulder in the direction of his perch.

When the door opened again, he landed in a crouch from a story above her head. Jane swallowed a scream and the racks groaned painfully instead.

The film of ice began to form immediately over her eyes. "What do you want, Jones?" The words were dull razors.

"What do you want, lady?" His nostrils flared as his lungs raked in the sweet fra-

grance of her cunt, stronger now than ever. He could feel her temperature rise from where he stood.

"I don't have the slightest idea what you're mumbling about," she retorted, as he moved heavily closer.

"Yes... you... uh... do," Jones whispered. "Why do you stand and stare at me?" His voice was so quiet he wasn't sure she had heard him.

Jane sucked her lower lip between her teeth. Her blank blue eyes widened slightly, dilating, the ice melting in the sudden heat. Jones took another step toward her. "You must want something."

"No, I... no," she inhaled the sounds.

"I think you do."

As she moved to step around him, he grabbed hard at her crotch. Her whole body shook. She took Jones's head in both hands and buried it between her breasts. His hairy arms wrapped around her and lifted her to her toes. Jane answered the racks' groans when Jones's teeth scraped across pink nipple once the small white buttons on her blouse had given way. One blunt hand slid down the back of her thigh and then up over stocking top, bare skin and satin panties. When his hand cupped her cool rump, Jane's fingernails jammed viciously into Jones's neck. He bit her breast hard.



With a jerk, he spun her around and pushed her face-first over a large wooden crate in the darkest corner in the back of the warehouse. Shoving her skirt up and her underwear down with one hand, he unbuckled his belt with the other.

She whimpered softly when his cock first touched the lips of her wet cunt and grunted in heat when the swollen head jammed against her cervix. They moved together with a frantic, primitive rhythm. Jones felt the pressure building inside his groin as he pounded against the full cheeks of her rotating ass, accelerating his thrusts at the edge of orgasm.

Suddenly, Jane's body stiffened. And with a sharp jab, she elbowed him off as she straightened up. "I broke a fingernail," she said. Jones's balls ached. Jane turned a freezing stare on him and sneered derisively. "I've got to get back to work."

When she returned from the toilet after rearranging her clothes, Jane was again deodorized and sterile—as though nothing had happened. She walked quickly to the office without a word.

* * *

Jane left early in the afternoon. Jones couldn't understand. He *knew* that she wanted it. In frustration, Jones pounded his

(continued on page 86)

MARNI

TACO

Belle









Marni Lopez, a 25-year-old native of San Francisco, recently migrated to Los Angeles to pursue a career as an actress and model. Until now, she did all her modeling from the neck up. But as you can see, she's much more appealing when she dishes up the whole enchilada.

Marni enjoys horseback riding and surfing. And when she isn't working, she can be found either galloping through Griffith Park or with a wave wetting her back at Malibu Beach.

When it comes to sex, Marni is into experimentation. Her imagination knows no borders, and she classifies herself as a "try-sexual—because I'll try anything." But she admits that she's most comfortable in a one-to-one relationship.

Still, there must be dozens of men competing for a taste of Marni's taco, which is spicy enough to convert even a gay caballero.





Gorilla

Turning, coughing, he faced Keeper and found himself looking directly into the barrel of a small chrome-plated revolver.

(continued from page 79)

fists into the cracked, gray walls of the warehouse until his knuckles were swollen and blue. He catapulted his huge frame, ricocheting through the racks, hoping he would lose his grip and smash his apish face on the concrete floor that reeled wildly far below him. Finally, exhausted by his confusion, he locked himself in the toilet stall and shivered like a wounded animal until long after quitting time, when Keeper rattled the door and told him to get out.

He found a note clipped to his timecard, on which was written in curled, feminine script: "Meet me tonight. Hotel Menteur. 9 o'clock. J."

It seemed to take hours to wrap his bulky body in a worn brown suit that night. Jones could not close his hands to tie his tie, but he found it impossible to wear one anyway without strangling himself.

Jones had no car and no idea where to find the hotel. Guided by instinct alone, he ran from the bus, through the downtown

streets and into the lobby of the Menteur. It was 10 P.M. The odor of his sweat mixed with his fear of missing Jane. His breath came fast and shallow, sucked through his dry mouth.

Once his eyes adjusted to the dimness in the bar, he recognized the back of her blonde head in a booth against the far wall, a man's mouth evidently pressed tightly over hers. A gem sparkled at the man's starched cuff as his fingers inched slowly over the full roundness of her ass.

The hair at the base of Jones's skull stood out from his head. He threw himself across the room, knocking aside chairs and glittering women. He jerked Jane to her feet like a rag doll and cocked his arm to strike the interloper.

"Jones!" Jane's voice stabbed at him sharply. He froze like an animal caught by headlights on the highway. It was Keeper.

Removing Jones's hand from Jane's shoulder with a thumb and forefinger, Keeper giggled drunkenly and attempted to straighten his expensive lapels. "Jones," he

said with mock indignation, "I know you don't frequent this kind of place very often, but this is too much." Keeper and Jane exchanged a quick half smile.

Unsure, his senses pushed to the limit, Jones shuffled a step backward, hunching his shoulders. His small eyes shifted warily from one to the other. A hoarse sound, like a whispered snarl, forced its way from deep inside his chest, "But she's... she's here with me."

Jane's laughter snorted through her nose. Keeper glanced around the bar at the faces turned in their direction and, lowering his voice a notch, spoke through a condescending smirk, "That doesn't make sense, Jones. She's here with me, obviously. Are you drunk?" The tension in Jones's fists and knotted brow drained with the release of a long sigh and stormed into his bowels.

"No, not drunk. A mistake. I'm... I'm sorry," Jones mumbled. The silence that had fallen over the bar since his entrance was shattered by a repetition of Jane's distorted laughter. Jones's eyes dulled as he looked from her open mouth and pink tongue to the anemic creature in the \$400 suit.

"You must be drunk, Jones." It sounded like the punch line of a bad joke, the way Keeper said it. "You look a little green around the gills. Let's get you outside for some fresh air." Keeper's tone was more menacing than concerned. Jones turned and lumbered toward where he thought the doorway must be. The strangeness of the surroundings bore down on him.

Although the night air felt good and the open space above his head brought some reassurance, Jones's gut churned violently and he carried the pain with his thick arms tight around his stomach. He knew Keeper was still behind him from the sound of soft leather shoes and the faint scent of cologne in the air. Each time he winced and closed his eyes, he saw himself crushing the ribs of the spit-shined little fucker. Jones gagged on his anger. He felt Keeper's hand guide him into a black alleyway.

Leaning weakly against a soot-stained brick wall, Jones vomited up the pain, spat and heaved again. Turning, coughing, he faced Keeper and found himself looking directly into the barrel of a small chrome-plated revolver.

"You'd better start running, Jones. The

(continued on page 92)



Celebrities Speak Out on Porn

We wanted to find out what some of the delineators of American taste and tastelessness had to say on the subject of pornography.

Did they read it?
Did they think it was harmful?
Within the outlines of the First Amendment, what control should the government have over pornography? Should it be "legalized"?

There was nothing for us to do but ask them. Here are their answers in their own words.



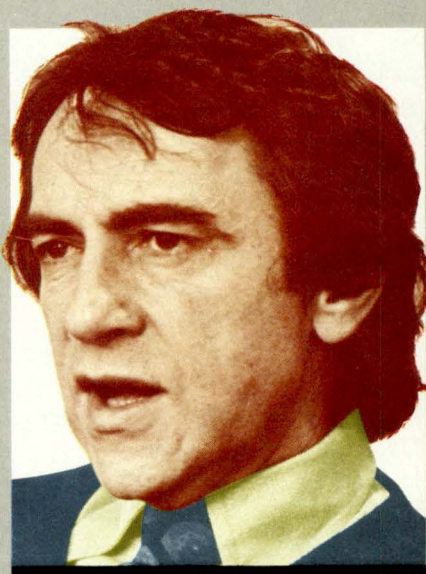
Peter Fonda

Actor/director

Is pornography harmful? I think the question is harmful and silly.

The free person is the only authority on moral issues he or she faces daily. Of course, it takes a good sense of responsibility and discipline to maintain freedom.

The individual is the conscience of the mass, and the mass is the responsibility of the individual ... watch out, mo-fo ... the only "dirty" word I know is *security*.



Joseph Papp

Theatrical director/producer
of the New York Shakespeare
Festival

There should be no limits on pornography for any adult. However,

where organized crime is involved, police action is necessary. I object to the overstimulation of the young, who are unprepared to see sex in relation to love. Porno magazines, movies, etc., all exaggerate normal sexual impulses by their emphasis on genitalic love alone. Pornography creates feelings of inadequacy in the young. The fantasy world of pure porno is misleading.



Earl Wilson, Jr.

**Songwriter/playwright
Coproducer of "Let My
People Come"**

Laws are made by cold men,
Who can't get it up no more,
Who are they to tell me,
What my body's for.
They treat us like we're children,
They must think we are fools,
If you don't play the game, brother,
Don't make up the rules.

We're coming to a new time,
It's so very clear,
Do away with up-tight feelings,
Do away with fear.
Leave your inhibitions,
Way far behind,
Let the only boundaries be,
The confines of your mind.

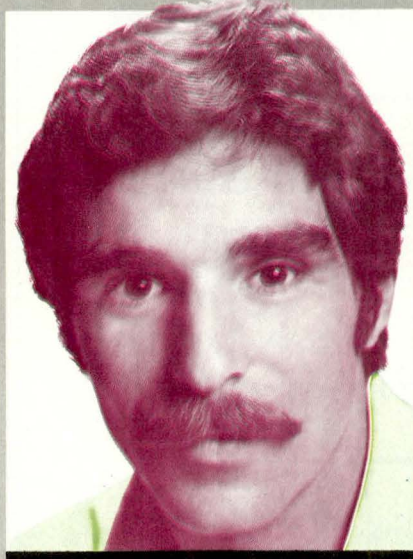
*From the off-Broadway show "Let
My People Come"*



Tony Randall

Actor

I think the delight of pornography is that it is, and must be, forbidden.



Harry Reems

Actor in porn films

I read pornography for my own personal enjoyment—for my narcissism. Within the framework of the First Amendment, as it was originally structured and written, the government should have no control over pornography. It is a question of morality and taste and should not have any criminal ramifications to it.

Pornography is not harmful. But I don't think it's helpful either. It's rather boring. For somebody who was sexually immature or sexually uneducated and looking for some type of introduction to sex, sexually explicit material would give them a

good visual idea of what it is all about.

There are many people who are denying the fact that sex exists. There are many moments of great joy that they could have if they could only break away from those antiquated, moralistic attitudes—from their provincial upbringings. Sex is something that should be enjoyed and savored and celebrated.



Photo by Edie Baskin

Michael O'Donoghue

**Satirist for "Saturday Night"/
Former editor *National Lampoon***

If we have the First Amendment, then how did pornography ever become illegal? It became illegal as some sort of a Puritan side order, which had nothing to do with our Constitution. I mean, it was all guaranteed right out front, and suddenly there were parts of it that were not guaranteed later for some curious reason.

If you call it pornography, it makes it sound much more unpleasant than it is. It's just stuff about life and nothing more than that, like fucking and eating. Asking if pornography should be legalized is like asking me should *Gourmet* magazine be made legal, which is a little absurd.

Incidentally, I like your publication a lot. The only thing in bad taste is "good taste." It really annoys me when I have to deal with tasteful people. Delineators of taste really irk me. Your publication makes a mockery of whatever good taste would be, and I appreciate that.

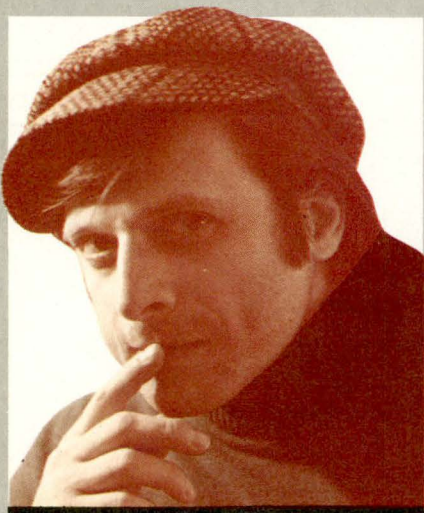


Al Goldstein

Pornographer/editor and publisher of *Screw*

The government should have complete and total control of pornography. It is habit-forming and rots your lungs. Pornography makes me want to cry. Everybody is getting laid but me.

I never read porn. I own it. At six cents per word, you owe me \$2.16. Pay up, cheapos!



Harlan Ellison

5'2" science fiction writer

It is not the job of the government to regulate morality. If you must legalize pornography, that says there is something wrong with it—it means it's illegal. I don't think it's illegal to begin with, no matter what the judgments of the high courts may be.

I don't think that pornography can hurt anybody's brains because I'm not all that sure that the printed word does anything to anybody, good or bad. No matter what you publish, the minds of people are infinitely more twisted and corrupt. Look at Larry Flynt. He gives pornography a bad name. It's people like Larry Flynt who are fucking it up for pornographers everywhere. If guys like him would just go back to truck driving, pornography could get on with its business and probably refine itself to a high art. Let's see how fat kid takes to that one.



Hank Williams, Jr.

Country and western singer

I read pornography because I am a 27-year-old, healthy, hairy-chested, hard-assed good ole boy, just like a lot of other normal males. But it shouldn't be forced on anyone who doesn't want to read it.

Me and a hell of a lot of other people in the music business, and I'm sure the doctor and lawyer down the street, get out our Polaroids and our home movies now and then. They just don't have the balls to admit it. If pornography were legalized, they would be hung-go, I mean gung-ho! (Sorry about that. I got carried away with my secretary.)



Paul Krassner

Editor/author

Pornography can only be harmful if people relate to it rather than to other people. Or if they let it become a means of dehumanizing people—but that's the risk of freedom. The First Amendment says there should be no restrictions on freedom of speech. The Supreme Court has interpreted that as meaning except when there's a clear and present danger, and pornography, to my way of thinking, does not present a clear and present danger—except to the psyches of those who are against it. The First Amendment is presumably intended toward the direction of healthiness rather than the psychology of shame. Just like prostitution or marijuana, it should be decriminalized.

I have read pornography but only by braille. I tend to read it less because it is a substitute for reality. I would rather that my energy were shared with real flesh.

I think that in the kind of sado-masochistic society that we live in, where kids are allowed to see violence in films more often than they are allowed to see stuff with sex in it, pornography has had an educational purpose. It has helped to demystify sex. When people read about or see on screens that other people are having fun fucking, then pornography becomes one of the inputs that helps break through the negative conditioning of the culture.



Liz Renay

**Stripper/former girlfriend
of mobster Mickey Cohen**

All adults should be able to behave as adults and should make their own decisions about sex—about what they choose to watch, what turns them off or how they get turned on. I don't feel that government or any authoritative body should have any control whatsoever over a person's sex life.

I have read pornography on occasion. It is not my cup of tea for reading material because I don't really like sex as a spectator sport. I think stag movies and things like that can be a turn-on if they're followed by actual participation.



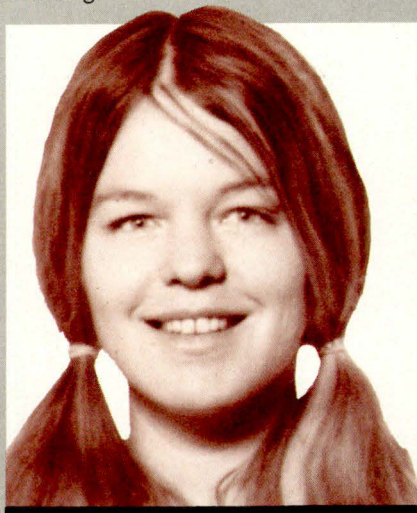
Jerry Damiano

**Producer/director
of erotic films**

Pornography is like a release valve.

It helps us cope with our own sexual hang-ups. Most of the problems that beset the world are sexually oriented. It is the restrictions that are so harmful. The open and honest evaluation of sex is very beneficial.

I try to read pornography. I try to see films other than my own whenever I can, but I find it very boring. The problem with pornography is that talent usually finds other outlets. Those people who cannot succeed in the so-called legitimate spheres turn to writing pornography, and they do it very badly. It's a shame because it could be very exciting.



Mary Reinholtz

Columnist, the *New York News*

Any government attempt to control literature or media or communication would inevitably lead to censorship and oppression—on all levels, not just pornography.

My objection to pornography is this: To a certain extent it anesthetizes a sexual experience. I think that it contributes to a very mechanical view of sex, which carries an emotional toll.

To a certain extent pornography is an expression of boredom. In the beginning, it was liberating because people had really been repressed. Everything was concealed, and sex was presented in a dishonest and artificial manner. But the popularity of it right now represents a disintegrating culture. People are very bored and jaded, and they need things to titillate them.



Fanne Foxe

**Exotic dancer/ex-lover of
former Congressman Wilbur Mills**

If pornography were done in good taste with accuracy, it should be legalized. If it shows reality, then pornography is no more dangerous than seeing somebody on a nude beach or anything else that's part of life. But if it's not the real thing, then I think it's dangerous, especially for young people.

I rarely read pornography, and I don't go to the movies very often. But I think we should have the right to see it if we want. Everyone has different tastes.



Betty Dodson

**Sex teacher to women/
erotic artist**

Of course pornography should be legalized. It's not harmful; it's just not very good. Pornography will eventually become a form of sex education when more quality and aesthetics are involved in its creation.

When we asked these four famous people to fill out our Porn Poll questionnaire, they copped out with excuses that may or may not be valid. Maybe they were worried about soiling their reputations. But we prefer to think they were too busy to reply.

Billy Graham

Evangelist



Billy Graham EVANGELISTIC ASSOCIATION
Box 937, Montreat, North Carolina 28757

1300 Harmon Place, Minneapolis 55403, Minnesota
820 Cedar House, 187 Kent Street, Sydney, N.S.W. 2000, Australia
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20 Segura Cho, Shinjuku Ku, Tokyo, Japan
8 Frankfurt/Main 10, Frankfurt 60306, Germany
421 J. Huang House, Hankow Road, Kowloon, Hong Kong
Calle de Correo, 3055 Correo Central, Buenos Aires, Argentina
Decree A.C. Barroil No. 42-303, Aprando 19742, Mexico City 1, D.F., Mexico
Incorporated - a non-profit organization

Dear Mr. David,

Thank you for your letter to Mr. Graham which has been forwarded to him here in North Carolina.

I am sorry that it will not be possible for Mr. Graham to participate in your survey.

Because of his heavy speaking schedule and the preparation this entails, he is unable to take on additional writing projects to those to which he is already committed.

Sincerely yours,

Stephanie Wills

Stephanie Wills
Secretary to
Mr. Graham

Candice Bergen

Actress/photographer

PICKWICK
PUBLIC RELATIONS INC.
9744 WILSHIRE BOULEVARD
BEVERLY HILLS CALIF 90212
213-979-7344

Mr. Bruce David
Hustler Magazine Inc.
36 West Gay Street
Columbus, Ohio 43215

Dear Mr. David:

Candice Bergen is currently out of the country on a film production. Since it will be sometime before your letter can be called to her attention I'm afraid we will miss your deadline.

Sincerely,

Patricia Kingsley

Patricia Kingsley

PK/st

Henry Kissinger

Former Secretary of State



DEPARTMENT OF STATE
Washington, D.C. 20520

Mr. Bruce David, Managing Editor
Hustler Magazine Inc.
36 West Gay Street
Columbus, Ohio 43215

Dear Mr. David:

Secretary Kissinger has asked me to reply to your recent request for his personal views on pornography.

The Secretary much regrets that because of the pressure of his official duties it is not possible for him to answer the many requests of this nature that he receives. It is not lack of interest but simply lack of time which prevents him from doing so.

Please be assured of the Secretary's sincere regrets and his best wishes.

John E. Reinhardt

John E. Reinhardt
Assistant Secretary
for Public Affairs

Neil Armstrong

Astronaut/first man
on the moon/educator



University of Cincinnati

Cincinnati, Ohio 45221

Mr. David Bruce
Managing Editor
Hustler Magazine Inc.
36 West Gay Street
Columbus, Ohio 43215

Dear Mr. David:

Professor Armstrong has asked me to respond to your request for information for your survey. Professor Armstrong has decided that he will not provide the material.

Thank you for your interest.

Sincerely,

Elaine Moore

Elaine Moore
Secretary to
Professor Neil A. Armstrong

eem

Gorilla

She walked to the toilet.
Jones stood inanimate, except for his rising erection.

(continued from page 86)

police will be here in a minute," Keeper spat out through clenched teeth. Clumsy in his surprise, Jones backed into a beaten-metal garbage can. Keeper fired and missed as Jones fell to the pavement, scraping the flesh from his knee. The pain, and the flash and report from the revolver, panicked Jones. His eyes wide and wild, he clambered to his feet and ran for the opening at the end of the alley. Before he made 20 yards, the way was blocked by flashing blue. He kept running, even though he was blinded by the headlights.

The first policeman stepped aside and caught him across the shoulders with his nightstick. The second cop crouched and clipped him on the shins. On all fours, Jones skidded through the broken glass and debris scattered on the asphalt. The rest of the cops—however many there were—hit him wherever they could: face, crotch, arms and legs. The memory was vague, except for the distant sound of Keeper's voice as they dumped him into the back seat of a car.

"I asked them to call you, Officer. The man actually threatened to kill me in the bar."

One good thing, the beating loosened his bowels, but that meant another beating at the station because of his fouled clothes.

* * *

Jones was late for work and constipated. As he ran to catch the bus and swung through its doors, he could feel every blow the cops had laid on him. He could still feel the humiliation of the formal apology he had repeated in short phrases as the court clerk read it aloud. Keeper had loaned him the money to pay the \$100 fine. The judge called Keeper generous, a humanitarian. Jones was stiffed with 90 days' probation.

As Jones rushed toward the time clock, Jane's voice stopped him in his tracks, "Jones, Mr. Keeper wants to talk to you right away in his office." Jones was not sure if her mirthless smile was malicious or just part of a lifeless mask. He nodded and walked to the glass partition that enclosed Keeper and tapped lightly. A full minute passed before Keeper finally looked up and

arrogantly motioned him to step inside.

"Well, good morning, Jones. About time you showed up. I may be forced to speak with your probation officer if this continues." Jones kept his eyes focused on a small stain on Keeper's tie, the only noticeable flaw in his apparel. "Now, say 'Good morning, Mr. Keeper.'"

"Good morning, Mr. Keeper," Jones mumbled to the stain.

"I'll teach you manners yet, Jones. Sit down," Keeper ordered, rising from his chair and leaning on fingertips spread on the desktop. "I have a project for you," he continued. "I want the racks dismantled. They're old and dangerous and were poorly built to begin with."

"No," Jones whispered almost against his own will.

"No?" the word exploded from Keeper's face. "What do you mean, no? This is *my* business, those are *my* racks, and you are *my* laborer. I'm selling my business, scrapping my racks, and you'll do as I say or you'll be out on the street two weeks early, holding a tin cup for some gypsy organ grinder. What's the matter with you? Did the cops scramble that monkey's brain of yours the other night?" His small eyes bulging, Keeper's voice broke as the volume rose to a screech. He wiped the drip of saliva from the corner of his mouth with the back of his hand. Calming his features, Keeper shuffled papers on his desk. "Get out of here and get to work."

When Jones's hand touched the door-knob, Keeper threatened, "Say 'Yes, sir.'"

Jones closed his eyes. "Yes, sir," came the faint reply.

* * *

By late afternoon the racks looked as though some gargantuan monster had destroyed one end of them with a swipe of its paw. Beams dangled in all directions, disconnected. Jones pulled himself through the tangled ruins although he knew the racks could no longer be trusted to bear his weight. Straining against the crowbar, he pried the structure apart and the racks screamed at their slow dismemberment. Huge timbers tumbled in a slow motion, crashing to the floor with the sound of thunder. Sweat ran in a rain from Jones's overhanging brow.

He felt two cold points drill into his back. He whirled, nearly losing his precarious balance, and was fixed by Jane's ice-blue

(continued on page 97)



Paycheck

(continued from page 52)

business decisions and changing music trends.

Paycheck has never been in the artistic vanguard of country music, and *11 Months & 29 Days* isn't either. Waylon and Willie opened the door and pointed out the possibilities, and when they hit big, Paycheck simply followed them through. However, he is talented, and when he does something, he does it right. The title song of the new album, drawn from his own prison experiences, is a blues number unique to country music, and "I've Seen Better Days," another cut on that album, established him once and for all as a master of the slow ballad.

And sure enough, when he went to New York's Other End, a Greenwich Village club, last July, he was on top of the world. He was sure that this was *it*, everything was straightened out, and his future was bright. Yet all did not go as planned, at least not immediately. The "11-29" single didn't peak nearly as far up the charts as was anticipated. (The album, however, was selling better than his previous four, confirming the theory that the "progres-

sive" country market, unlike the traditional one, is more album-oriented.) When I went down to Nashville a few months after Paycheck's New York appearance to talk further with him, I expected him to be a little discouraged. However, he was far from discouraged and talked about country music and his outlaw image.

"Country music's always been about life, but I think this 'underground' stuff is even closer," he said. "Now you can write about things that you used to not even talk about. On this album, we eliminated all the big sound—no strings, no crap—and just put down raw instrumentation, feeling. People are wantin' to take the frills off everything. From the clothes to the music, take the frills off and just give it to them. That's what it is: It's progressive; it's outlaw. Those are the only two words for it."

"I don't want to talk about the single because that has to do with some problems here in the company that I don't want to get into," he continued. "We're liable to have a really good album, though, considering how it's doing so far. The irony of it is, in most cases, you have to have a good single in order to do the album."

"But when I go out and play, the people love this new image, they really do. I've been very fortunate ever since *She's All I Got* because I've drawn an audience from eight to 80. Now I find I'm drawing *more* of

the younger people, which is very good for me. I think you gotta go to the old 'mule and baseball bat' tactic—you know that joke, don't you? You gotta get their attention. I've always been the type that, once I got their attention, they stuck with me. The key to it is to get to the markets. In other words, they've got to see you; they've got to hear your music. It's a matter of breaking down the barrier."

"Now this morning Willie [Nelson] called me and said he wanted me to do five dates with him in California. We did a TV show together a few weeks ago, and we discussed it then, but it didn't come through until today. I think it's one of the big breaks that's come along for me. That breaks down that barrier. I'll roll in and a lot of 'em will say, 'Who the hell is this?' but when I leave, they'll know who I am."

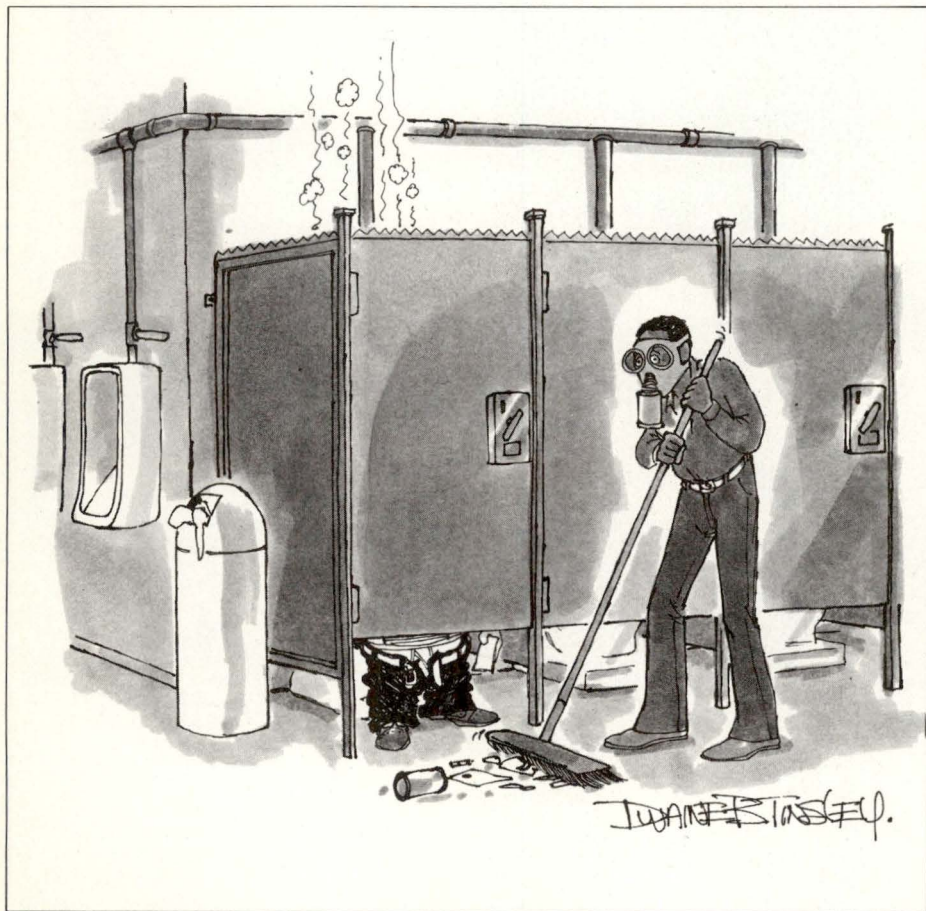
His brow furrows slightly as he speaks. Paycheck is a very serious man who discusses his career with such an all-consuming earnestness that the effect is almost comical. We both sit there wondering out loud what's kept him from becoming a bigger star—someone in the same range as Merle Haggard, Ronnie Milsap or Waylon Jennings. He takes a stab at it.

"I think there's a combination of things that constitute the fine line between just being successful and being a superstar. I work daily at trying to get it ironed out, and when I do, I think I'll just bust right on through. I bear age in mind constantly. [He's 39.] That's why I work so hard, just to overcome this before it gets too late. I figure another four or five years, if I stay constant like I am, then I'll start petering out, and I'm smart enough to know that."

"But I'm talking about so many things. The record industry itself, the help you have to have in the field for selling your product, the DJs, the coordination of everything at one time, is what makes a giant hit. The irony is that I have little control over most of it. So in the next five years, I have to look for something that will click, and when I say click, I mean as a whole."

"You have an idea—the type of song, type of arrangement, the way you sing it, the way the men within the company take hold. It's so delicate, and yet there's no set pattern. I may go for the next five years and then nothing. But that don't mean I won't be trying in every way that I know, and some that I haven't even thought of yet, in order to make it jell. But it may never jell, never—why there's some people go all their lives and never get one hit record."

Paycheck is driven by his career. Now he rarely indulges in hunting or golf, once his favorite pastimes. When he's not on



the road, he devotes his time to his family. They live in a Nashville suburb and don't socialize much. He is secretive about the subject. He rarely drinks, he says—gave it up entirely for four years after he left L.A. so he could live down his reputation. Even now he has only an occasional drink with his wife.

In fact, though, that's not entirely true. I saw him perform in New York in July when he was touring behind *11 Months & 29 Days*, and he was anxious to establish his outlaw credentials. This was a crucial booking for debuting his new image. But audiences had been disappointingly small, almost nonexistent. He was visibly discouraged and started drinking onstage during the late show on the last four nights. Each night the set would quickly deteriorate, and Paycheck would go into long, barely comprehensible monologs. He would play a little of a song and then stop to rap some more. A few members of the audience began heckling him mercilessly, but he gave it right back to them. The room got so tense that when the set ended without incident I heard myself breathe a loud sigh of relief. His performance this particular night gave a brief insight into the problems Paycheck faced in the old days. It was possible to see why promoters were once reluctant to book

him and why businessmen found him so difficult to work with.

Paycheck had made his share of enemies around Nashville during that earlier period of his career. His biggest offense was not that he drank and caroused so much—many others did—but that he was so upfront about it, and so unrepentant. Even after he made his successful comeback in 1971, many people in the industry regarded him with suspicion. He has never made a secret of his contempt for the Nashville business establishment, particularly for the Country Music Association. So when I asked him to compare the Nashville of today with the Nashville of earlier days, he jumped on the question.

"The only way you can compare it is that there's still a lot of old fogies in the town—traditionalists. I couldn't stand 'em then and I can't stand 'em now.

"Traditionalists — that's what held the music back all these years; that's what kept it in the hokey stages so long. I used to bitch and preach about that years ago. Back then we didn't have a chance, though. There was too many of them. There wasn't enough rebels, there wasn't enough people to tell 'em off, so those that did automatically got shut down. The only thing I regret is that I compromised to a certain degree because I felt, in my case,

it was the only way I could get my foot in."

His feelings about the music establishment run deep. He had been scathing in his attack on it during his New York tour. He was still vehement when I spoke to him in Nashville. The feelings really do run deep. He did admit that the recent Country Music Association awards ceremony pleased him more than it had in the past; he felt it was more representative of the new directions country music is taking. But not much more, he emphasized.

Although he will probably always be at loggerheads with the Nashville business establishment, people around Music City who once shunned him speak highly of him now, their voices conveying the kind of respect reserved for one who has beaten all the odds. There was a time when few thought he even had a future.

John Austin Paycheck keeps bouncing back because, more than anything else, he believes in John Austin Paycheck. He looks back on the 60s as, "a very bad time that I went through," but he doesn't make apologies. "This new image, this is me," he repeated several times during our last interview. "I feel more comfortable now than I have in years." And each time he said it, he was more emphatic. I wasn't sure whether he was trying to convince me or trying to convince himself.

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Gorilla

At the far end of the white room, past the second stall, Jane was on her knees with her face in Keeper's crotch.

(continued from page 92)

eyes. Jones's cock stirred against his thigh. Her face upturned, Jane's tongue moved in a languid circle over her lips. She walked to the toilet.

Arms limp at his sides, Jones stood inanimate, except for his rising erection. He stared, even after the toilet door had closed behind her.

"What the hell are you doing?" Keeper's bark echoed through the warehouse. "Get back to work."

Caught off guard, Jones fumbled back to life and jammed the crowbar between two rough beams. He ground his teeth when the wood shrieked and split. He struck with the heavy bar again and again, the wedge biting deep into the wood. His gut knotted and his huge arms trembled with the exertion as he tore another section away. It boomed to the ground.

As the dust settled, he straightened his back and stared at the closed door, a vague suspicion on his face. Jane had not yet returned from the toilet. Jones swung quickly and quietly to the floor and crept to the back of the building. His hand on the knob, he put his ear to the toilet door. There was a low groan. Silently he cracked open the door enough to see inside.

At the far end of the white room, past the second stall, Jane was on her knees with her face in Keeper's crotch. Keeper shoved his cock deeper and deeper into her mouth, holding her head on both sides by a handful of blonde hair.

"Suck," Keeper hissed. "Suck it." And he groaned again, louder. Then, jerking his head back and grasping his prick, Keeper came in her face. Glutinous white semen spurted onto her eyelid, cheek and spittle-covered lips. A moan rasped from Jane's throat. She broke from Keeper's grasp and in a frenzy sucked his erection back into her mouth, one of her hands fumbling to get beneath her skirt.

They were both startled by the jangle of the crowbar as it hit the concrete floor. Jones was gone.

Mothers guided their children around the hulking figure slumped against the fence, staring from deep-set eyes into the deep-set eyes of the huge male gorilla behind the bars. The animal was agitated. Never breaking his gaze with Jones, the gorilla rolled back and forth in a bizarre three-step pace, increasing his speed with every hour

that Jones remained there staring at him.

Rearing suddenly on his hind legs, the beast pounded his chest and roared loud enough to silence the rest of the compound. Jones just stared. Curling back a purple lip, the gorilla exposed his yellow fangs and shook the entire cage, clenching a bar in each fist, his eyes intent on Jones. Jones never moved. Screaming in frustration, the animal leaped on the back of his mate, which was cowering in a dark corner, ass raised in submission. Pounding her heavily on the head and shoulders, he rammed rapid pelvic thrusts to her upturned rump.

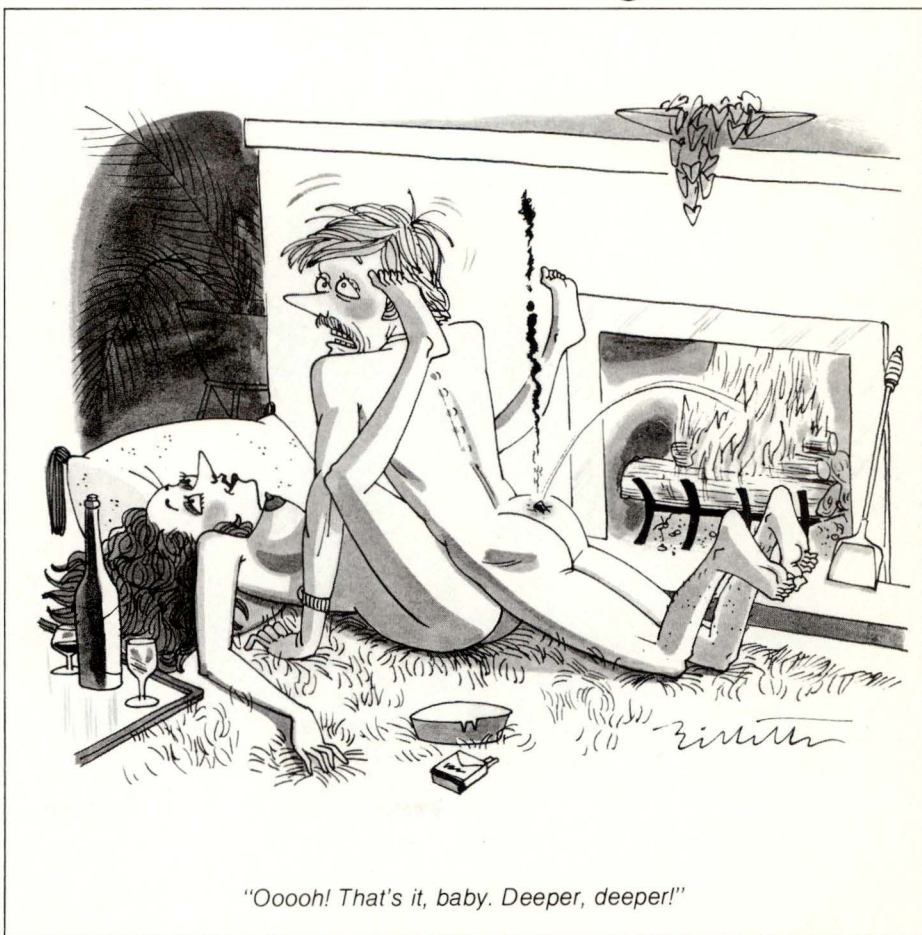
* * *

Keeper and Jane arrived at the building at 8:30 A.M. Keeper flipped on the lights in the warehouse as they walked through the ruined racks together, he to open the door at the loading dock, she to go to the toilet to fix her makeup.

The initial impact immediately broke Keeper's shoulder. Jones had jumped from the top of what remained of the racks, from the shadows above the light bulbs and just

below the rafters. The leap broke his ankle, but the smell of Keeper's blood blotted the pain from his consciousness. Howling, he kicked the flailing man down the aisle with his broken foot, ripping Jane's restraining hands from his shirt and out of his hair. Keeper whined pleadingly, trying to cover his face, dragging himself across the floor in a feeble attempt at escape. Jones's shoe dug into Keeper's stomach, cracked his ribs, drove deep into his crotch and then flattened his nose and tumbled him along until he rolled against the wall.

"Please, please, no," Keeper choked. "Please don't kill me. Please don't kill me." Tears and blood streamed from his eyes. He puked through his sobs. A noise like laughter burst from Jones's lungs as he pulled out his cock. A split second of silence and his head fell back on his shoulders in a roar of triumph as his urine splashed on Keeper's torn body. He turned his deep-set eyes to Jane, on her knees, crying. Her hands fell to her sides and she opened her mouth wide.



PIRATES

(continued from page 70)

Buccaneer." The U. S. government has assigned 40 DEA agents to the operation. The DEA has supplied the Jamaican Coast Guard with high-speed interceptor boats, helicopters and planes. The U. S. even obtained permission to defoliate huge areas of land where Jamaicans grow marijuana, or "ganja," reported to be better than "Acapulco Gold" or "Panama Red." Due to the combined efforts of the two countries, some 36 U. S. citizens were arrested and 350 tons of marijuana were netted in six weeks.

Jamaica has become a big drug center because of its location—midpoint on the drug run from South America. Besides, its heavy tourist traffic and congested yacht basins make it a perfect camouflage for smugglers.

Jamaica is not the only Caribbean island that has had trouble with smugglers. DEA boats and planes operate out of Guantanamo Bay, site of the U. S. naval station in Cuba, to impede the narcotics flow. But opinion varies as to whether the officials of Castro's Cuba are cooperating with the U. S. Officially, the Castro government is

intensely antidrug, and all boats intercepted in drug trafficking are held indefinitely, as are the crews. On the other hand, it is believed that some Cuban residents supply narcotics and Havana cigars, as well as temporary ports for refueling, to smugglers. Nevertheless, American smugglers try to stay well clear of Castro's high-speed pursuit craft.

The drug smugglers in the Caribbean and South American waters seem to operate in a consistent pattern. They make their buys in different parts of South America and apparently use Venezuela as a point of transfer. From Venezuelan ports, they deliver them in stolen high-speed boats to ports in the Virgin Islands, Martinique, Barbados, Trinidad and Tobago. They then transfer the drugs in larger quantities to the United States in seaworthy, hijacked sailboats and yachts.

Florida is the major delivery point for drugs smuggled into the United States aboard pirated boats. However, because of increased efforts by drug-law enforcement officers, such as the blockade off the Florida coast by DEA officers in late 1974, smugglers who have commandeered long-range boats bypass Florida and continue up the coast to Georgia and the Carolinas. Yacht pirates have even sailed as far north as New Jersey, Long Island Sound, Nar-

ragansett Bay and the coast of Maine.

When smugglers reach their coastal destination, they often transfer their cargo again—to small high-speed boats that can put into sheltered coves and unofficial ports, making them almost impossible to detect. According to Coast Guard officials, a hijacked vessel also can easily slip undetected into a crowded harbor. With hundreds of similar craft in the immediate area, it is nearly impossible to single out a hijacked vessel that is carrying smuggled drugs. It is probable that 100 pounds of illicit drugs reach U. S. shores for every pound that is intercepted (and this is a conservative estimate).

More shocking than the enormous flow of drugs is the high toll in human lives that this particular form of drug trafficking takes. Unlike the quick-trip capers of high-flying international students, these crimes on the high seas increasingly attract the attention of organized crime and involve young semi-professional and professional drug traffickers with a knowledge of boats.

Based on the report by Congressman Murphy, the research of the Coast Guard and estimates of the number of missing craft, it is reasonable to assume that several hundred people have been murdered by hijacker-smugglers.

There are two effective ways to alleviate the problems of smuggling and slaughter. One is increased law enforcement efforts involving large appropriations for high-speed, heavily armed aircraft and seagoing vessels. Currently, the combined seagoing law enforcement capabilities of the DEA, the customs bureau and the Coast Guard, which usually acts first in these cases, are inadequate. The Coast Guard has applied for, and expects to receive, delivery of an additional fleet of small patrol craft with greater deterrent potential than craft now in use. There also exists a certain amount of bureaucratic bungling, which is normal when several government agencies have to work together.

The second, and perhaps most important way, is for yachtsmen to assume greater personal responsibility and be aware of the dangers presented by modern-day pirates.

Besides checking the credentials of new crew members before you depart for a foreign port, clear your boat with U. S. Customs, even though it isn't mandatory. Let a friend or relative know who's with you, where you're going and when you expect to arrive. Ask your friend to notify the Coast Guard if you don't arrive at your destination within a reasonable time.

In other words, says the Coast Guard, "Sailors, beware!" If not, you may be forced to walk the gangplank, 70s style—at the end of a drug smuggler's gun.



"Say, when was the last time you douched?"

HUSTLER

Beaver Hunt

With luck, April should bring us a hint of summer for at least a few days. As winter's chill fades, the streets will fill with braless beavers who'll reacquaint us with what we've missed—the skirts that fly up with every breeze, halter tops, transparent body shirts—all that good stuff. And, of course, when the beavers pop out of hiding, something else will pop out, too: guys with cameras who are intent on stockpiling visual delights before the next big cold spell. Send us your lady's sexiest pictures, and join beaver connoisseurs in telling Jack Frost to go fuck himself.

To enter the contest, simply send a sharply focused HUSTLER-style color photograph—no black and white photos, please—of your nude model to HUSTLER's Beaver Hunt, 40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215. We'd

also like a short personality profile of your entry. Coax her to be as candid as possible. We must have a signed copy of the model's release form that appears on page 109. Sorry, but all photos sent in will become the nonreturnable property of HUSTLER magazine.

If we publish your girl's picture, you will receive a \$50 contributor's fee. A HUSTLER Beaver Hunter's license will be awarded to all amateur photographers who enter the contest, and your Honey will have the chance to appear in a future HUSTLER pictorial spread—if she is judged Best Amateur Beaver by a panel of degenerate HUSTLER staffers. If we decide to use the winner in a future photo layout, she will be paid (\$1000-\$1500) as a professional model. At those rates, she'll shower you with attention.

Photo by Ronald L. Neal



Wanda Wade, 30, is a stripper based in Indianapolis. Her hobby is chasing men—and catching them. "God must have meant for pussy to be eaten. He made it look like a taco. Turn one sideways and watch it smile at you," Wanda writes.

Photo by Gerard



Twenty-one-year-old Pepeline is a model who lives in Holland. She likes cars, soul music and swimming. She writes: "I like to make men crazy with my body." She hopes you are among the lucky guys.

Charlotte Grendel, 28, and G.J. Landon, 26, are as close as Reseda and Encino, the adjoining California cities where they live. Both are into photography, and they don't care a lick who knows it.



Photo by Jeffrey Grodsky

Pamela Larsen is a 21-year-old Vancouver, Washington, model. She's a dancing buff who sometimes flashes truckers for kicks. Pam gets off on a rape fantasy, and she'd like to try two or three men at once.



Photo by Greg Paulsen

Janette Johnson is a 30-year-old physical therapist who hails from San Jose. Her active imagination allows her to get off by herself with sensuous music and a warm fireplace. She says she would like her boyfriend to tie her up and douse her with Grand Marnier and then lick it off as a prelude to fucking.



Photo by Kurt Foster



Photo by Prentiss Shephard

Photo by Pam Ciorra

Laurie Alexander, 18, is a semiprofessional model and sometime dancer in Franklin, Massachusetts. Her hobby, she says, is "getting face from Phil." Her sexual fantasy is to climax every time she balls. Phil, do your stuff.

Photo by John Burdett



Marie Burdett, 34, is a West Covina, California, clerk-typist. She divides her time between swimming, reading, music and sex. Marie dreams of being able to take on four men at the same time, giving head to two, and taking the other two in her ass and cunt.



Fawn Ciorra, a fetching one-and-a-half-year-old personal pet from Verona, Pennsylvania, digs bones, mailmen and hanging around fire hydrants. Her fantasy? Making it with every male dog in the neighborhood. Ain't life a bitch?

Elina Halstrum, 24, is an organic gardener from Aptos, California, and her hobby is batik. Elina says her greatest sexual fantasy is to appear in an artistic erotic movie, like "Emmanuelle."



Photo by Russ Coppo

Photo by R. W. Pelton



Patricia Eldridge ("Cricketer" to her close friends) is a 23-year-old go-go dancer from Knoxville, Tennessee. She likes art, music and horseback riding, but her fantasy is a more demanding activity. She writes that she wants to give blow jobs to eight guys.



Twenty-four-year-old Jill Box, an Orlando, Florida, housewife, is into tennis and baseball. Jill writes, "It's fun to model nude for someone you care about. It turns him on, and a little kinky sex never hurt anyone, either."

Photo by Thomas Box

Photo by John C. Rowell



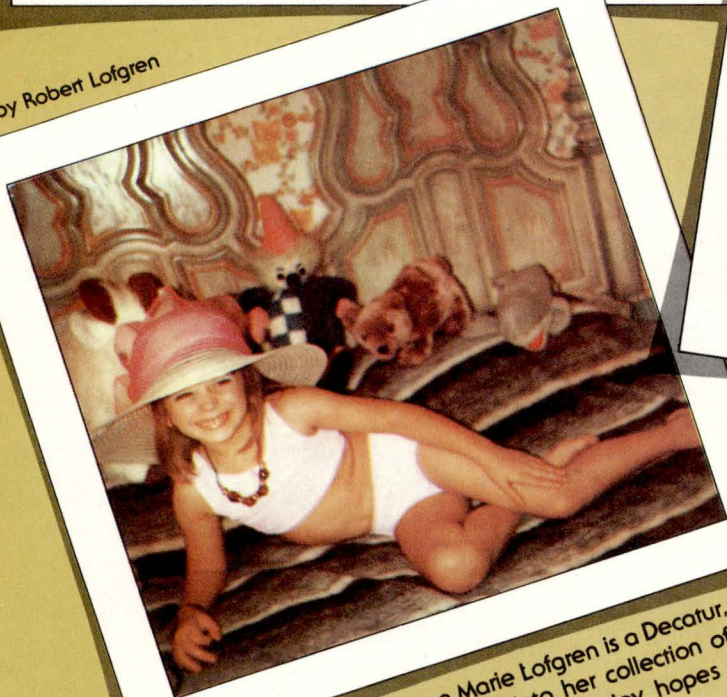
Twenty-two-year-old Virginia Lee, of Bradenton, Florida, is an exotic dancer who has an athletic streak. She likes to wrestle and model nude. Virginia says she has always wanted to appear nude in *HUSTLER* and adds, "I love to have my pussy sucked."

Heidi H., 29, is a San Diego mother and cosmetologist who loves to sew, dance and fiddle around with arts and crafts. Heidi says she gets a special thrill imagining that all the guys in America will be jacking off when they see her picture in *HUSTLER*.



Photo by Terry Irwin

Photo by Robert Lofgren



Five-year-old Brilynn Marie Lofgren is a Decatur, Illinois, schoolgirl who's heavily into her collection of stuffed animals. Brilynn says she one day hopes to have "boobies as big as her mommie's."

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KINKY KORNER

Do you have an unusual story to tell concerning your sexual encounters? If you do, write it down and send it to **HUSTLER's Kinky Korner**, the section of the magazine written by the readers for the readers. We pay \$100 for each story published. Your submission should be approximately nine typed or printed pages in length and accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped return envelope.

THE GREAT BIG SUCK by Mrs. M. H.

I just finished reading the May 1976 issue of **HUSTLER**, and I was absolutely fascinated by the male model on the inside back cover. That big cock made my mouth water and brought back some old memories for me and my husband.

A few years ago we lived in an apartment building, and Chuck, one of the men who lived in an apartment upstairs from us, caught my eye. He looked like a real stud, and I often wondered if he was as hung as he appeared to be. My husband, George, and I had swapped with other couples before, but I'd never had a man with a really large cock. In his swim trunks, Chuck looked like he had quite a lump in his crotch.

Even George thought that Chuck was probably hung because of the way his pants fit him. We often talked about how Chuck must really be ramming his wife, Karen. As the summer continued, I thought a lot about what that big cock must look like.

I am a very curious person, and I just couldn't stop thinking about Chuck's prick. One day I finally had a chance to find out if my suspicions about it were correct.

Chuck was one of those do-it-yourself types and he had set up a workshop in a storage area in the basement of the apartment building. I was in the basement laundry room when he came downstairs.

Knowing that he had a roving eye and that he was as interested in me as I was in him, I didn't think I'd have any trouble finding out about his cock. I was right. Pretending to be interested in his hobbies, I went into the storage room. In this confined space, I deliberately brushed against him, and we soon found ourselves in a hot embrace, french-kissing each other. I reached down to his pants and felt his monstrous cock pressing against the crotch of his pants.

Unzipping his fly, I pulled his cock out of his pants. It was a monster of meat, nearly ten inches long, and so thick I couldn't get my fingers all the way around it. I took it in both hands and squeezed it. I stared at it for a while, but when my curiosity gave way to desire I fell to my knees in front of him.

At first I just kissed and licked the end of it. But the more I licked and looked, the hotter I



became. Finally I started to take it into my mouth; my jaws strained to get it all in. Although I could only take a few inches of his shaft in my mouth, I couldn't take my eyes off the rest of it. I couldn't believe I had something that big in my mouth.

It didn't take long for him to start coming. I wanted to suck up every drop, but his load was so big I couldn't keep all of it in. It was running past my lips and down my chin as he kept coming and coming.

My pants were rubbing against my cunt, and I was so hot that this action brought me off, too. It was fantastic. When I finished the laundry and went upstairs, I told George all about sucking off Chuck and that we were right about the size of his cock. This made George so hot that I had to suck him off, too.

George's cock felt so small that I thought I could take all of it into my mouth. George has six inches of cock, but it's not even close in size to Chuck's mammoth prick. Still, I couldn't get all of his cock in my mouth either, but my gobbling really set him off. When he came, I drank all of his cum.

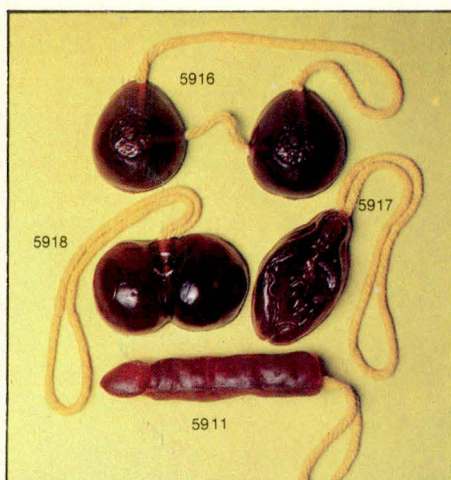
I kept his cock in my mouth and turned around on top of him so he could eat me out. As soon as his tongue hit my clit, I started to come. Having two climaxes and taking two loads of jizz in less than an hour was a new experience for me, and I really loved it.

When we finished, George said he would like for me to bring Chuck down to the apartment and suck him off again while George watched. This would certainly add a new wrinkle to our sex life, but even when we swapped, I wouldn't screw another man in front of my husband. But thinking and talking about the day's experiences made me change my mind, and I agreed to do it. The idea of letting George watch while I sucked Chuck's giant cock turned me on.

I found out what time Chuck's wife went to work so I would know when he'd be alone. Then, after putting on a simple dress with nothing on under it, I fixed my face and went up to Chuck's apartment. When he opened the door, I asked him if he could help me with something in my apartment, since he was so handy. I told him George was at work and that I would really appreciate it.

Chuck followed me down to the apartment. When we were inside, I ran my hand across his crotch. He said he was pretty nervous, but I assured him that George wouldn't be home for more than an hour. With that I went into the bedroom and asked him to follow me.

Our bedroom had a large closet with louvered doors and by moving the wood panels slightly, George could look out from the dark closet without being seen. We tried



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it out before I brought Chuck down to make sure there were no slipups. Chuck came into the bedroom, saying that he was still nervous. I unbuttoned my dress and slid it off. At the sight of my naked body, Chuck started pulling his clothes off as if he couldn't get out of them fast enough.

His cock snapped out of his shorts half erect. His balls were hanging there like a kid's bag of marbles. I was really getting hot and I could feel my pussy creaming up. Chuck sat back on the bed, and I knelt down between his legs. Thinking about this whole thing had made me greedy for that big cock. This time I was determined to get more of it into my mouth. Besides, I knew that George was watching this slutish display, and so I really wanted to put on a good show for him.

With both hands around Chuck's prick, I rubbed it while I tried to get more and more of it into my mouth. I still couldn't take much more than a few inches, but I was really getting into sucking it, more so since I knew that George could see my mouth straining around it. I was really sucking and chewing when Chuck shot his stallion load into my mouth. Again, I couldn't hold it all.

Chuck pulled me off of his cock, up onto the bed. He got down onto the floor between my legs and started to greedily eat my pussy. He spread it with his hands and was licking up and down the whole slit. I knew that George must be jacking off by now, and as Chuck continued his eating and I imagined George shooting his load into his hand, I started coming like crazy. Meanwhile, Chuck kept eating me until he was hard again.

I'd already had another orgasm before Chuck pushed me back on the bed and mounted me, his stiff cock pressing at my cunt. He pushed it in slowly, and I started to moan loudly, knowing that George could hear me. Chuck's huge cock was spreading me apart until I thought I was going to rip wide open. Although he pumped slowly at first, after he had made it all the way in, he started ramming into me.

Chuck pounded into me like this for at least 15 minutes. After a while it didn't even hurt anymore. I was coming so often that all I could do was moan and hump back against Chuck's cock with my pussy. It was the most fantastic fuck that I have ever had.

After he finished, Chuck dressed quickly and left. I just lay there exhausted, but George came out of the closet, straddled my chest and put his cock, which was hard again, up to my mouth. Since I had been fucked so much by this time, I was ready to do anything. I started to lick George's cock. Before he was ready to shoot, I was back in the mood. When he finally did shoot his load, I licked up all of his cum. Afterward, we

just lay there in bed and talked about what had happened and agreed that we had really enjoyed it.

Our conversation eventually sparked yet another session about an hour later. This was a slow, gentle fuck with George's normal-sized cock.

Chuck and I had more of these fuck sessions, and each time George watched from the closet. It was the best sex I have ever had. I loved to have Chuck fill my mouth with his cock and shoot his massive loads while I tried to suck up every drop. Again, the sensation of his giant prick in my pussy was almost more than I could stand, but after we got going, it was a sure thing that I would have at least one climax before he came inside me.

Putting on the shows for George excited me. The thought of his watching, unknown to Chuck, turned me on. I knew that as soon as Chuck left, I would be having seconds.

Since that time, I have sucked off six different men, all with big cocks. I met them in various places and would always bring them home with me so that George could watch. Each time, I was excited about what I was going to see. As soon as that monster was out of the guy's pants, I would be on my knees, gobbling it up.

Sometimes I could even take a guy's cock all the way back to my throat. I would nearly gag when their huge pricks started spurting cum, but I loved swallowing it all.

One of these men fucked me up the butt, and it was wild. I had never let anyone do this to me before, not even George, but by the time I had sucked him off, and he had eaten me and made me climax, I was ready to do anything. So after we had screwed in the missionary position, he turned me over and started fucking me doggy style. I was just getting hot when he pulled out and pressed the massive head of his cock against my asshole. I pulled away from him, but he pulled me back and started to slowly enter my rear end.

I had never felt anything like that before. His cock was dripping with my cunt juice, making it easy for him to enter my ass. Still, the pain and the unusual sensations were almost too much. To take my mind off the pain, he reached under me and fingered my clit while he pumped into me. Eventually we both climaxed wildly.

Watching this had excited George so much that I had to let him do the same thing later. I found his smaller cock in my asshole very enjoyable.

All of this came back to me while I was looking at HUSTLER, so keep showing us gals those hot, heavy-hung studs. It really makes my mouth water, and George knows that he is only moments away from another satisfying blow job. 🍆

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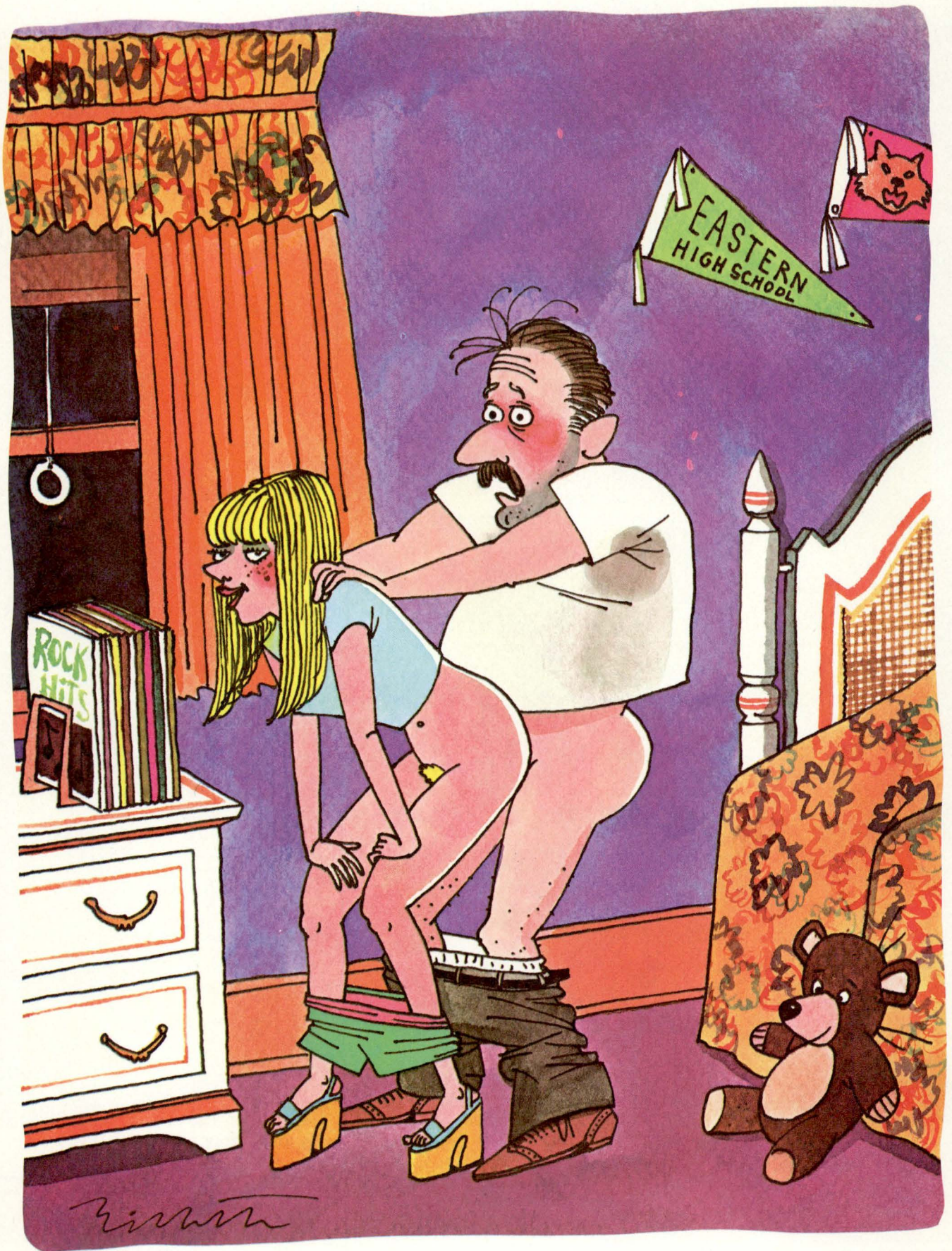
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"Daddy, not only is what you're doing illegal, it's being done badly."

ADVISE & CONSENT

(continued from page 12)

I am in urgent need of a reply to this question: Can a woman put her menstrual blood in a man's food and have him desire only her? And, if so, how can you tell if the spell has actually been cast? Please hurry with an answer.

R. B.
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

You are describing an old Cajun trick for keeping a man. If the subject believes in magic, or is readily suggestible, it could work. Disbelief on the man's part will leave you sitting home alone with a bloody dinner.

What should a woman do who finds out that her husband is a potential child molester? He approached a female relative and tried to get a little feel and show her his thing. He doesn't have to do this for lack of sex at home—he doesn't give me as much as I would like. I am afraid to confront him about this. What can I do?

S. J.
Reno, Nevada

Stop being afraid and confront your husband. If you aren't willing to establish a dialog, how do you expect to solve the problems that motivated his exhibitionism? Unsatisfactory adult relationships are the background for most sex offenders. Make the effort to rectify difficulties before any other incidents occur. And get your husband professional help immediately.

Is it possible to get VD by masturbating? The last time I beat off, there was a small amount of blood at the end of my dick. Where can I find out if I have VD?

Name Withheld by Request
Roanoke, Virginia

No, you can't get VD by masturbating. The blood could be the result of beating off too hard or an infection, but only a doctor can tell you which.

I started having sex at 13 and married at 18. Now I find I have little interest in my husband. Looking back, I realize that as soon as I had sex with a man, I didn't like him anymore. What is wrong with me?

D. M.
Albany, New York

If your sole reason for being with a man is sex and the thrill of seducing him, you obviously won't have any further interest in him after intercourse unless you also have a mental rapport. Likewise, you could have hidden guilt feelings about sex and strike out at the man who "defiles" you. Resolve these feelings and your interest will pick up.

As a woman of 23, I've had several affairs that have been mildly pleasing—no flashing lights or ringing bells. About two months ago I accidentally caught my 12-year-old brother pounding his

pub. It really turned me on to see him shaking that little tool around, and I started to masturbate while watching. All I wanted was to take his little penis and balls and really do a deep throat. His prepuberty tool turned me on more than a full-grown cock ever could. Now I am becoming obsessed with the fantasy of going down on him. Since I started daydreaming about it I haven't been able to enjoy an older male. I feel intense guilt about this bizarre desire for my little brother. What should I do?

K. C.
Marietta, Ohio

Your desire for your little brother probably stems from an inability to have satisfactory relations with men your own age. Go to a psychologist and work out your feelings. Do it now before this fantasy becomes a total obsession.

I recently had a strange thing happen to me. I'm 22 and have been feeling horny, so I started to masturbate. While playing with my clitoris, I began squeezing my breasts. I've been doing this a lot for the past month or so, and last night I discovered this discharge coming from both nipples. I really got frightened. Is this discharge normal?

J. S.
Sarasota, Florida

The secretion is probably milk that will occasionally result from regular breast manipulation. Some women who adopt babies can nurse them if frequent squeezing stimulates the mammary glands. However, if the discharge is watery yellow or contains pus or blood, be certain to have it checked, since this could indicate cancer or other diseases.

I love lesbian women. I had sex with a lesbian not long ago and it was great. I am a male, 21, and have often been mistaken for a woman. I love it! Recently I've been depressed because I can't find any lesbians who will let me fuck them. I've thought of having a sex-change operation, but I love to fuck as a male. Should I wait for a straight dyke, try converting a lesbian or give up?

J. J.
Provincetown, Massachusetts

What the hell is a "straight dyke"? Enough dykes should be attracted to an effeminate man to satisfy your lust. Your love of lesbians seems to be a queer mixture of ego gratification and masochism. Of course, if you enjoy being mistaken for a woman and fucking like a man, you could turn gay and get your fill of flag hags.

I am 48 and considering having my penis circumcised because my current girlfriend prefers them this way. Is there any particular danger from having the surgery performed at my age?

M. B.
Butte, Montana

There's no danger, but why bother? Unless you have a fear of penile cancer, which occurs more

frequently in uncircumcised males, it seems ridiculous to be circumcised at this late date. Besides, your next girlfriend might like foreskin.

Recently I rubbed bay rum on my boyfriend's dick before he entered me. We both found the tingling warmth stimulating but are concerned it might be harmful. What's your opinion?

J. D.
Albuquerque, New Mexico

Bay rum is not harmful as long as you don't use it regularly since it could dry out the vaginal membranes. For an occasional variation, though, it sounds interesting.

Beaver Hunters, here is the model release you must send to us with your entry in HUSTLER's amateur photo contest (see page 99). Models should be shown totally nude. Faces must be visible in photos. Novelty photos will be considered. Mail to: HUSTLER, Beaver Hunters Contest, 40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215.

HUSTLER BEAVER HUNTER MODEL RELEASE

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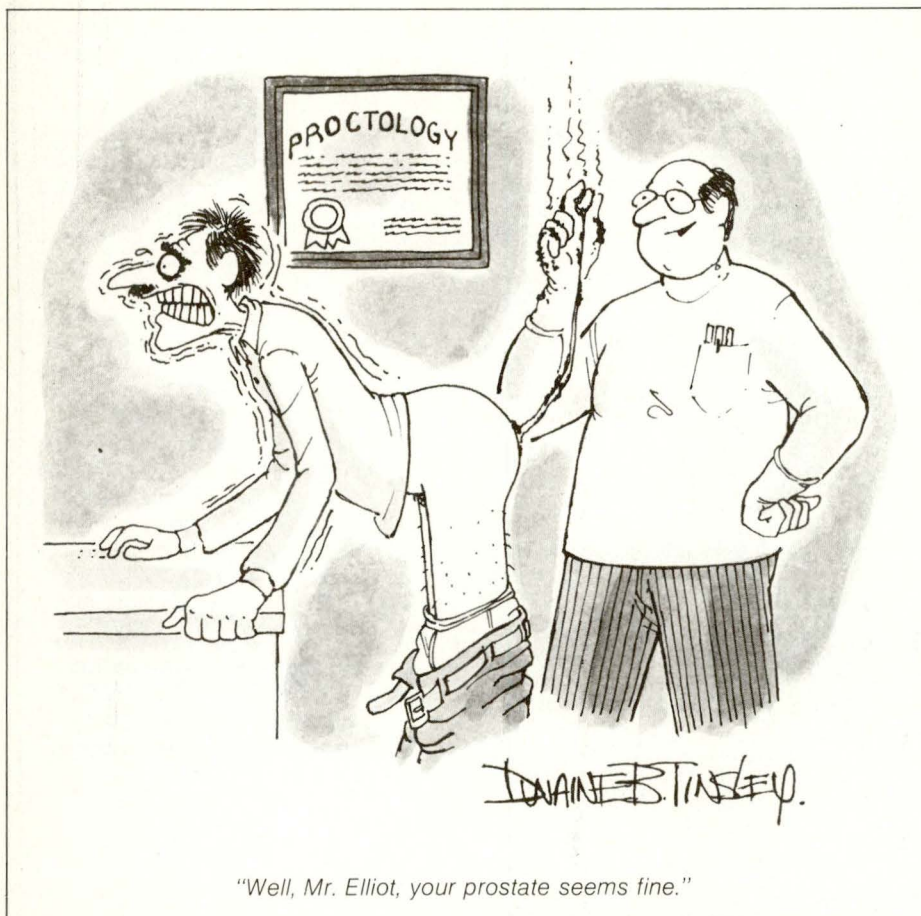
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List on a separate sheet of paper age, occupation, hobbies and sexual fantasies.



My husband and I have been happily married for four years. I've always wanted to watch him making love to another woman and recently discovered he shares this fantasy. Should I feel guilty and ashamed as a wife for having this desire? None of my girlfriends would subject themselves to this, so where can I find a clean, decent woman?

H. P.
Denver, Colorado

It sounds as if you can't decide whether voyeurism is acceptable or degrading. If other people's opinions bother you, you'll feel guilty. Mutual consent and desire should eliminate any guilt, but you seem too confused in your own mind to let yourself go and enjoy it. If you do resolve this conflict, you'll probably be surprised at the number of "clean, decent" girlfriends who are willing to share in your pleasure.

I have heard that there is a piece of skin that covers the clitoris and makes it difficult to achieve orgasm. Do all women have this covering? Can it be removed?

E. K.
Cleveland, Ohio

Every woman has a hood of skin covering the clitoris. At one time various magazines advocated circumcision of the clitoral hood as a woman's way to orgasm; but the opposite is true. Friction of the hood against the clitoris is responsible for many orgasms. Full exposure of the clitoris would

prevent orgasm since the sensitive clitoris needs indirect stimulation. Also, circumcision could cause scar tissue to develop and any stimulation would be painful. Occasionally, smegma (bad-smelling accumulation of secretions) will collect under the hood and cause painful adhesions. In the past this condition was corrected by circumcision, but now more doctors are simply removing the accumulation of secretions. The clitoral hood is too important to lose.

My wife just had our first baby. When we tried to fuck again, though, it hurt her and she didn't achieve orgasm. I know I'm a little out of practice, but she used to love sex and would have two or three orgasms. Is something really wrong?

D. C.
Spokane, Washington

Your wife's genitals are still sensitive, particularly if she is nursing. Postpartum soreness is typical, and most couples have a little trouble when they resume intercourse. When the discomfort disappears, the orgasms will reappear.

My girlfriend and I have enjoyed a good sex life for about a year, but I have a big problem. She always wants me to tell her how many times I get a nut. How can I tell her?

C. C.
Annapolis, Maryland

Orally. Or in written form if you prefer.

When I am making love with my husband, I get splotchy red patches on my neck and chest. It is not painful and disappears when we are finished. Is this some allergic reaction to my husband?

J. K.
Akron, Ohio

Your husband causes it, but it isn't an allergy. The sex flush appears during sexual excitement in most women (70 percent) and generally is as intense as your excitement. Interestingly enough, the flush appears in only 25 percent of sexually aroused men.

My best friend's wife has to have a hysterectomy. He tells me the doctor says it won't affect their sex life, but I'm not so sure. Wouldn't lack of hormones, as well as a lack of parts, interfere with her desire and ability to have sex?

A. L.
Circleville, Ohio

Not at all. Hysterectomy is removal of the uterus. It has no effect whatsoever on hormone production and leaves the vagina intact—and ready. Even if the fallopian tubes and ovaries are also removed, medication will compensate for any hormonal change. In fact, the probable result is an increase in sexual desire since there is no threat of pregnancy.

I am in my late 50s and frequently find it difficult to get an erection. I have seen advertisements for aphrodisiacs, but are there really such things? Some ads call them placebos, but I don't want sugar pills. I do not want to consult a doctor on this matter, but both my wife and I could use a boost.

J. A.
Minneapolis, Minnesota

There is no drug that will produce or maintain an erection. Your difficulty in getting an erection is probably due to vascular or neurological problems that are associated with aging, e.g., poor circulation. If this is, in fact, the case, a physician can prescribe medication that will remedy the problem, so why not see one and make your wife happy?

I am a marine who is stationed overseas. My girlfriend writes me regularly, but I can't figure out what she's trying to do. She tells me how much she loves me and then proceeds to tell me about all the guys she's balling and how none are as good as me. Is she asking for permission or what?

B. B.
Okinawa, Japan

She's asking for a belt in the mouth. Either she's so stupid she thinks telling you about other dudes who aren't as good is a compliment or she gets her rocks off making you suffer long-distance. Your relationship must be strange to begin with if you're curious about her motivation but not offended by her actions. If you don't enjoy being a masochist, break up with her.

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Once again: *S/A Hypnotism* works. And like we said before: "We'll prove it to you." All you have to do is send in the coupon now.

Every man who is popular with girls has his own special technique he uses to get them. If you are lucky enough to be one of these successful gentlemen, you don't need us or *S/A Hypnotism*.

On the other hand — if you're seriously looking for a *reliable, no-nonsense* method of getting girls; a method that will work *anywhere, anytime* ... maybe you should give *S/A Hypnotism* an honest try. You may soon find yourself with more girls than any ten men put together!

Silverman Research, Dept. H477
P.O. Box 9204
Providence, R.I. 02940

Sounds almost too good to be true — but you've got a deal. What have I got to lose? Here's my 10 dollars. Send me *The Easy Way To Get Girls; Through S/A Hypnotism*.

After trying your material for a month, I must be meeting, dating and even sleeping with more girls than I have in the past year. Or I may return the material for a full refund *and more*.

I understand my material will be sent in a plain wrapper.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

© 1976 Silverman Research

HONEY HOOKER

AT THE CLOSE OF THE LAST EPISODE, THE ARMLESS WHORE, VENUS, BECAME A HEADLESS WHORE WHEN SHE WAS ACCIDENTALLY DECAPITATED BY A COLLAPSED BED. BUT AT THE ONE-ARMED BANDIT BORDELLO, DECAPITATED DOES NOT NECESSARILY MEAN UNEMPLOYED...





THE REAMSTER REACHES INTO HIS PANTS AND PULLS OUT HIS LONG, TUBULAR JOB APPLICATION...

LET'S SEE HOW YOU ARE AT FITTING PIPE!

GASP!..

...IF ALL OF YOU REAMSTERS ARE HUNG LIKE **THAT**... I **KNOW** I'M GONNA LIKE THE JOB!

C'MON, MAMA, GREASE MY PIPE!

HONEY POSITIONS HERSELF ON THE REAMSTER'S COCK AND STARTS TO DESCEND...

OH!

OH!

AHHHH...

PREOCCUPIED WITH DRIVING EACH OTHER TO AN EXPLOSIVE ORGASM, THEY FORGOT THAT SOMEONE SHOULD BE DRIVING THE TRUCK...

MY GAWD!.. ALASKA HERE I COME!

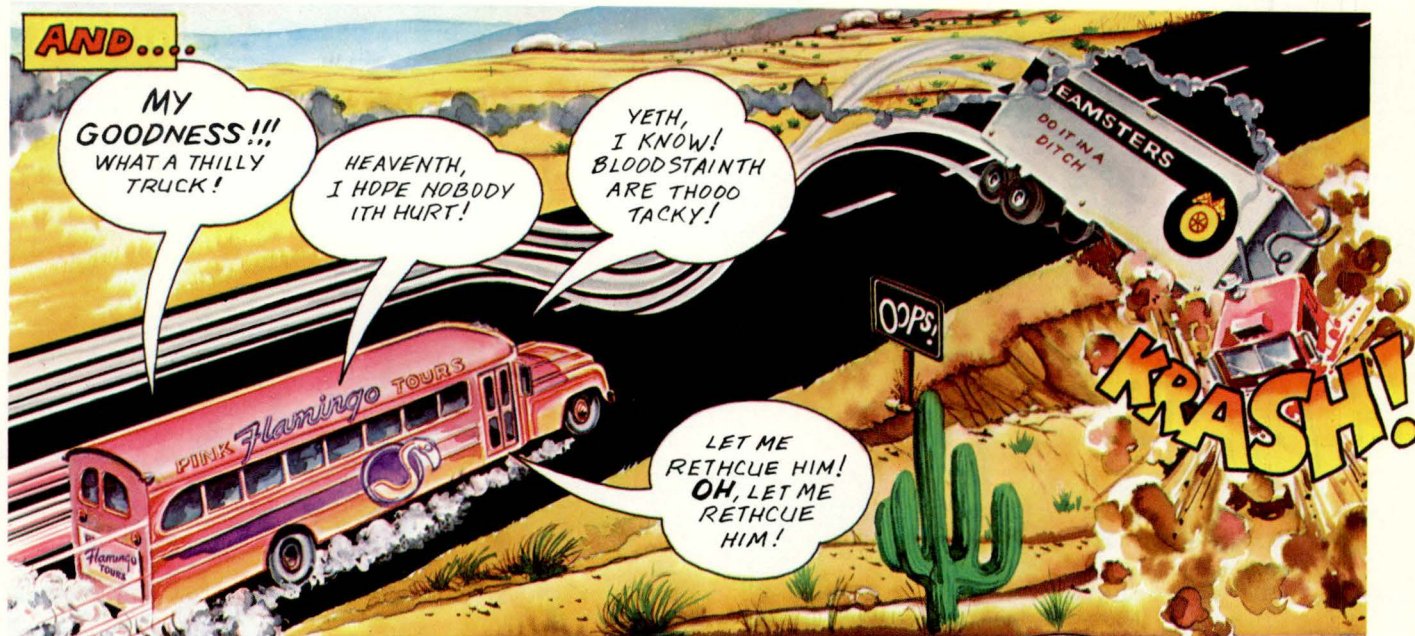
WHO'S GOT THE PREPARATION-H?

OH, EDWIN, YOU'LL JUST LOVE THAN FRANTHITHCO. EVERY TIME YOU BEND OVER YOU MEET A NEW FRIEND!

ANYONE WANT MY BANANA?

GIVE IT TO MIKEY, HE'LL EAT ANYONE!





AND....

MY GOODNESS!!!
WHAT A THILLY TRUCK!

HEAVENTH,
I HOPE NOBODY
ITH HURT!

YETH,
I KNOW!
BLOODSTAINTH
ARE THODO
TACKY!

LET ME
RETHCUE HIM!
OH, LET ME
RETHCUE
HIM!

KRASH!



"AHEM..."
JIM DANDY TO
THE RETHCUE, SIR!
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

HE'S FINE!..
BUT I HAVE A
14-INCH JOB
APPLICATION UP MY
PUSSY AND I'M HAVING
MULTIPLE ORGASMS!

I'VE
NEVER BEEN
BETTER, BUT THIS
POOR BASTARD
HERE IS IN
SHOCK!



ITH THERE
A DOCTOR ON
THE BUTH?

WHAT ABOUT
A NURTH? I'M
A NURTH!

MAKE
WAY! WE'VE
GOT TO GET
HIM TO A
HOTHPIAL!

Oooooh...
HE'S THERTAINLY
ITH THIEF!

MYGOD!
HE'S COMING
APART IN MY
HANDS!

THAT'S
NOT FAIR! YOU
GOT THE BEST
PART!



THE MAGGOTS
WON'T EAT HIM,
BUT THE FAGGOTS
SURE AS HELL
WILL!

QUICK
THINKING!



WELL...
DO I GET
THE JOB,
GOOD
BUDDY?

YOU
HAFTA ASK?
SHIT! HERE,
BUY A WARM
COAT! YOU LEAVE
TOMORROW!

DON'T MISS HONEY'S NEXT
ADVENTURE, WHEN SHE
TAKES ON 800 MILES OF
48-INCH PIPE...

MAIL-ORDER FEEDBACK

This column will help to simplify ordering mail-order erotica. We will review any mail-order sex products, including those advertised in HUSTLER, not to endorse them but to let you know what you'll actually receive when you order them. Companies that would like to have their products reviewed in this column are invited to send sample merchandise and information to Mail-Order Feedback (Product Review). We'll also tell customers how to deal with mail-order firms and alert our readers to frauds and faulty products.

Edited by Steve Hanley

Michelle, Candy and Suzanne

Erotic cassette tape recordings have been available for the past few years, yet reaction from mail-order buyers has been only so-so. This ambivalence may be due to a preference for the visual thrills found in fuck flicks. But if you've ever copped a blue-veined hard-on upon hearing a couple rutting like crazed weasels in a neighboring apartment, you'll understand the turn-on potential of aural sex. With erotic cassettes, you can shape your own fantasy image of the unseen woman who's describing on tape how she's fucking and sucking you. That's exactly what *Michelle, Candy and Suzanne* do on this three-part cassette from Fantasy Creations (8611 1/2 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90069).

Each girl on the tape represents a different erotic stereotype. Michelle is the basic fuck bunny you dream of picking up in a singles bar or a health food restaurant—the type who believes swallowing your load is good for her complexion. Candy is the teenybopper-cheerleader type who sounds like she could give you cavities if you licked her sugar-coated clit. She also talks about her vibrator, adding a touch of depravity to her girlish innocence. Suzanne is the dominatrix type, stern and bitchy until she sits on your face and climaxes. Then her voice melts with passion, confirming that even a hard-assed man-hater can be tamed by a good head job.

If your cock can be voice-activated, and your taste in women falls into any of the categories represented by *Michelle, Candy and Suzanne*, then you'll probably get off on this \$6.95 cassette tape. You can also try playing it as the sound track for "Charlie's Angels."

SANI-FEM

This device should give readers an idea of the outlandish products we receive to review for *Mail-Order Feedback*. Sani-Fem is basically a plastic funnel for women to piss through, enabling them to assume the standing position when taking a leak.

The manufacturers, Sani-Fem Corp. (P. O. Box 666, Downey, CA 90241), say that they designed Sani-Fem for women who don't like to squat on the scuz-encrusted toilets in public restrooms. Having used the two-holer comfort stations while traveling Ohio's highways, I can see the hygienic potential of this device. As far as sexual application goes, this device seems fit for an extremely dainty female piss freak who gets off

on giving her boyfriend a golden shower. To that end, our test indicates that the Sani-Fem is right on target—although the inside of the funnel does tend to ricochet urinary spray onto the user's pubes.

If mellow-yellow bathing is your stroke (or your old lady's), and if you live west of the Mississippi, you can pick up Sani-Fem for \$2.99 from the Sani-Fem Corp. If you live east of the Big Muddy, you can obtain the device from San-East Distributors (P. O. Box 913, Cape Canaveral, FL 32920).



WRITE ON: FEEDBACK GUIDELINES

The *Mail-Order Feedback* column has been around for almost a year now, and the volume of complaint letters we've received about mail-order cons, rip-offs and faulty products has been staggering. Our resources are limited, so we want to reiterate the "pertinent facts" that should be included in your letters, if we are to be of service to you.

We need: (1) your full name and address; (2) the full name and address of the company that you ordered from; (3) the date you placed the order; (4) the item ordered; (5) the amount you paid; and (6) whether you paid by cash, check or money order. (If you have a receipt, or proof of payment, send us a copy, not the original.)

Of course, you should always write to the company first, to give them an opportunity to rectify their error. Honest companies will do this.

Mail-order erotica is a relatively new business, with an incredibly heavy volume of trade, so you have to give these disorganized jokers more than the customary six weeks to get your order to you.

Don't send the defective merchandise to *Mail-Order Feedback*. We do not have the facilities to store deformed dildoes and the like, so we usually shitcan them.

FEEDBACK LETTERS

I ordered two films from G. B. Olgalon (P. O. Box 813, Culver City, CA 90230). In January 1976

I sent them a \$40 money order, but I have never received the films. Also, my three or four queries have never been answered, but the money order was cashed. I'd appreciate your help.

B. P.
Greenville, North Carolina

We have received a shitload of complaints about this company. Even the agency that placed Olgalon's ads in HUSTLER informed us that G. B. Olgalon is an "absolute scoundrel." The agency has since refused to do business with them. We are also refusing this company any future ad space. We have forwarded your complaint to G. B. Olgalon with a demand for immediate action.

I ordered \$21 worth of films from G. B. Enterprises (P. O. Box 24696, Los Angeles, CA 90024) in February 1976. It's been over a year now, and I still haven't received my order. I sent three letters of inquiry to them but haven't received any reply. Can you help me get the films or my money back?

M. K.
St. Louis, Missouri

This firm, which is affiliated with the G. B. Olgalon company mentioned in the preceding letter, hasn't replied to our inquiries either. Notify the postal authorities, and stay away from both of these companies in the future.

After reading your September 1976 *Mail-Order Feedback* review of two films sold by Zodiac Enterprises, Inc. (P. O. Box 02441, Cleveland, OH 44102), I ordered some merchandise from this firm. Let me tell you, anyone who wants the "good stuff" has nothing to fear from this company. They are honest and they sell exactly what they advertise. I know because I sent them \$90 and got back \$190 worth of quality material.

W. S.
Columbus, Ohio

At last! Your good word about Zodiac Enterprises, Inc. may have saved Hanley from the rubber room. The deranged fucker is so bent out of shape from reading ten months' worth of letters about mail-order rip-offs that he took to haunting the sidewalk in front of the HUSTLER building, holding a lamp and asking startled passersby if they are "honest men." But your upbeat letter seems to have snapped Steve out of his wild-eyed state, and he should be released any day.

If you have any problems with the service you receive from any mail-order advertisers, including those in HUSTLER, write us a letter so we can alert other readers to possible rip-offs. Include the firm's name, address and all pertinent facts about the incident. We'll contact the firm and check it out. If you have dealt with a good, reliable company, we would like to know that, too. Please write to: Mail-Order Feedback, HUSTLER Magazine, 40 W. Gay St., Columbus, Ohio 43215.

MAIL-ORDER MANIA

SWINGERS
PHONE
NUMBERS

Girls, guys and couples in your area really anxious to meet you. Send no money, just a self-addressed stamped envelope.

SWINGERS' COMPUTER CENTER
P.O. Box 1320, Dept. A-602
Houston, Texas 77001

ORAL SEX MINT

Specially formulated to give a sensation to the penis beyond your wildest dreams. She lets the pleasant tasting mint dissolve in her mouth before oral sex. Then ladies you can please your man (and yourself) more than you ever thought possible. 14 for \$4.95, mailed in plain wrapper. 20th Century Drugs, P. O. Box 5094 Spartanburg, S. C. 29304.

3 ADULTS ONLY FULL LENGTH SEX BOOKS
or 20 for \$5.00 **FREE**

Send \$1 to cover postage & handling
TIFFANY ENTERPRISES Dept. 2452
6311 Yucca St., Hollywood, Calif. 90028
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Two NEW and POWERFUL placebo APHRODISIACS

PUT HER IN YOUR MOOD with BOOSTERS
they'll make her want you!

Just a little help from BOOSTERS and she'll be hot-to-trot to your tune... no matter what you want to play. Put one of these in her food or drink, then just watch the fast results! Stimulates her desire and makes her crave you. Completely safe, works fast and lasts for hours.

special "first time" introductory offer **\$5**
and be ready for the action with...

MAN-POWER
Be the Big Man you always wanted to be! Control ejaculation, stay harder and last longer. Fast-acting MAN-POWER will give you the performance and sex power you're looking for. Be longer and stronger, she'll love every inch of you. **\$5**

☐ BOOSTERS \$5 ☐ MAN-POWER \$5
☐ BOTH \$9

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6255 Sunset Bl., Suite 609 Hollywood, CA. 90028

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ONLY \$187 BRINGS \$22 WORTH OF 1st CLASS SEX PRODUCTS!

**COLOR FILM - COLOR PHOTOS
BOOKS - SEX COMIX
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Funways® Box 9691-H, No. Hollywood, Ca. 91609

MODERN TEXAS COUPLE

Just returned from Europe with unusual collection of books, photos, movies & devices. We'd like to hear from girls, guys & couples with swinging interests similar to ours. We'll trade or sell. We love to watch & be watched. Send no money, just stamped, addressed env. Or stop by if you're in Houston.

Janice Alexander
5807 Bellaire Blvd., Houston, TX 77081

"THE FARTING CONTEST"

Now the most famous and funniest party record ever made is available on 8-Track, Record and Cassette. This contest features various artists locked in the mightiest sounds of individual combat ever recorded. Send \$6.00 (includes postage and handling) to Natural Gas, Dept. H-04, P. O. Box 35, Butler, WI 53007. Specify Record, 8-Track or Cassette. Dealer inquiries invited. Checks—15 Day Shipment—Cash or Money Order—Shipped Immediately.

BETTY'S EROTIC TAPES

8 TRACK—CASSETTE REEL

adult brochure 25 cents

BETTY ADAMS
P. O. 2269-H
SANTA CLARA
CA 95051

DUAL VIBRATOR

When it comes to getting the best at both ends, the steadily buzzing Dual Vibrator delivers the goods.

Send your check or money order (cash not accepted) for \$9.95 (#5509) postpaid to:

LeasureTime Products
P. O. Box 2206, Dept. HU477, Columbus, Ohio 43216

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Dare You Question 5000 YEARS OF Experience??

Ginseng! Men the world over traded GOLD for it! Ginseng is the potent root Sultans and Emperors have sworn by for 5000 years! But you don't have to keep a harem to make SULTAN'S CHOICE Ginseng Capsules a part of your own life style! Every imported SULTAN'S CHOICE capsule is LOADED with Ginseng power that took 6 years to reach full potency! 5000 years of EXPERIENCE is packed into every capsule! Just take one and you'll see!

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BONUS: 25 capsules FREE with \$18.50 order;
50 capsules FREE with \$25.95 order!

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A SEX DIPLOMA for all fun-loving studs, lovers, playboys.

The cleverest, wittiest, funniest, phoniest bunch of hilarious humor ever concocted. With it, you become an instant P. D. (Pussy Doctor) and your professional duty is to alleviate the suffering of that throbbing, pulsating little organ. The li'l ole organ that is such a treat to treat. Be the first in your group to own a P. D. Degree. Hang it over your workbench. Take it to your hangout. Be the life of the party. You'll lay 'em in the aisles—and everywhere else. Girls just can't resist a P. D.—When you operate on them, they'll holler, OH! OH! Doctor! Cut me deeper, it hurts so good. A FANTASTIC FUN GIFT... for YOUR LOVER... A FRIEND... YOURSELF. A BLAST AT PARTIES. A BARREL OF FUN. The lower half of the diploma, not shown here, is even funnier: she is chasing him. Every Stud should own one of these diplomas to prove his sexual prowess. Actual diploma size 13" x 10". Only \$3.00. Satisfaction guaranteed. **KOLLEGE OF SEXUAL KNOWLEDGE CO., P. O. Box 7408, Leawood, KS 66207.** Print name and address plainly.



Prescriptions

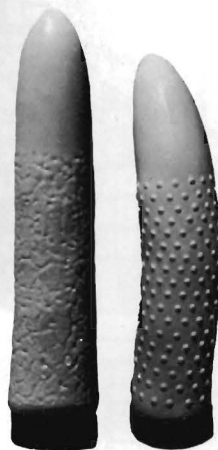
from "Doc" Johnson



Sta-Erect Sheaths Aids in keeping your erection up a little bit longer. Made of soft, pliable rubber, the sheath fits over the penis but leaves the head completely exposed for penetration. Available in small (#0660), medium (#0670) and large (#0680) **\$12.50**



Vibra Cock Ring (#5508) This electric joy buzzer will aid in both getting it up and in while turning any cock into a vibrator. Uses only 2 AA batteries **\$14.95**



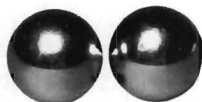
Caress Vibrators Made of soft, flexible rubber, these vibrators will gently cling to, and caress, the wettest vaginal walls. Includes 2 AA batteries. Available in smooth and pink (#5501), smooth and black (#5502), pink and rough (#5503) or black and rough (#5504) **\$24**



Female Torso (#1624) With this soft torso, nothing goes to waste. Made of heavy gauge rubber, the torso provides all the parts necessary for a do-it-yourself ejaculation. Comes equipped with a pneumatic valve to ensure vaginal pleasure. Easily washed. Includes travel bag, rubbers and lubricating gel **\$49**



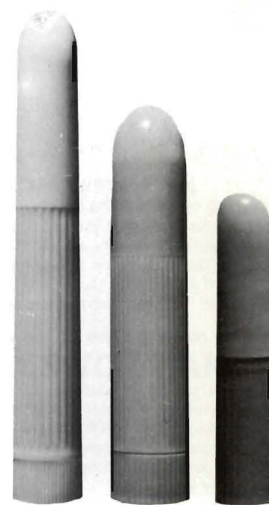
Jungle Love (#0520) Unleash your animal instincts with this imitation "Spanish fly," which can be very effective in producing heightened sexual responses for both sexes **\$10.50**



Ben Wa Balls (#0530) Japanese love balls have been used for centuries by the geishas of Japan for autoerotic purposes. The two brass balls are inserted into the vagina and the slightest movement will cause the balls to roll in an arousing manner **\$10.95**



Therapeutic Aid Guaranteed to give you a rise for every occasion. Made of the smoothest latex available. Shaped like the real thing. Medically designed, with hollow interior and unique loop straps, to overcome impotence. Available in small (#0630), medium (#0640) and large (#0650) **\$12.95**



Vibrato Cordless Vibrators For those who enjoy old faithful, here's the 3-piece vibrator ensemble. Available in 4" mini (#0250), uses 2 AA batteries **\$2.99**; 7" personal (#0240), uses 2 C batteries **\$4.99**; and 10" stud (#0230), uses 2 C batteries **\$5.99**

EXPRESS ORDERING...24-hour toll-free service. Order now by calling 1-800-848-9107. (In Ohio, call: 1-800-282-9216.)

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| ___ 5502 @ \$24 | ___ 0530 @ \$10.95 |
| ___ 5503 @ \$24 | ___ 0250 @ \$2.99 |
| ___ 5504 @ \$24 | ___ 0240 @ \$4.99 |
| ___ 5508 @ \$14.95 | ___ 0230 @ \$5.99 |
| ___ 0660 @ \$12.50 | ___ 0520 @ \$10.50 |
| ___ 0670 @ \$12.50 | ___ 1624 @ \$49 |
| ___ 0680 @ \$12.50 | EXTRA BATTERIES: |
| ___ 0630 @ \$12.95 | ___ AA (#0540) @ 2 for \$1 |
| ___ 0640 @ \$12.95 | ___ C (#0550) @ 2 for \$1 |

LEASURE TIME PRODUCTS P. O. Box 2206 • Columbus, Ohio 43216

Please Print

Name

Date

HU477

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City

State

Zip

Enclosed is my ☐ check ☐ money order (cash not accepted), or charge to my ☐ BA ☐ MC:

Interbank No.																			
Exp. Date																			

Signature

Subtotal \$
Ohio residents, add 4% sales tax
Postage, handling and insurance 1.25
✓ TOTAL \$

Money order and credit card purchases will be shipped in 5 working days or less. All orders are discreetly packed and promptly delivered. (Add \$2 for foreign orders.) Quantity orders invited.

I am of legal age and understand that if my merchandise is defective due to craftsmanship and returned within 10 days it will be replaced free of charge, otherwise all sales are final.

(SINGLE?)

Don't spend another lonely evening! Now you can meet single guys or gals in a dignified, friendly, relaxed manner... and at very low cost. No obligation, no salesman will call. Contacts all over U.S. & Canada. For free literature send name, address, sex & 50¢ for postage, handling.

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SPANISH FLY improved with Ginseng

FOR INCREASING SEXUAL DESIRE!

Not only will this placebo turn-em-on... the imported Ginseng can help solve all energy problems. Dissolves in food or drink and the results are fast and lasts for hours. So... use it yourself or give it to a friend and then be prepared for lots-a-lovin'. You'll be back for more!!

to keep up with the action you'll need...

ENERGIZERS

Don't ejaculate before the fun begins. Become A Sexual Superman and satisfy her always. ENERGIZERS, a specially formulated placebo adds to your performance, staying power, and sexual potency. Be the lucky "stiff" in her life. Long lasting and safe.

Special low introductory prices!!

☐ SPANISH FLY \$4 ☐ ENERGIZERS \$4 ☐ BOTH \$7

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Rates: Write National, Box 5, Sarasota, FL 33578

TRIP-OUT. Exciting, all new, "GRASS OIL", 1 1/2 dr. with directions \$3.00. Club Desire, 256 So. Robertson St., Beverly Hills, Ca. 90211

"PET-COCK" Necklace! Tells when you're hot or available! Conversation sensation! \$7.95. Magna, PO Box 693, Lakewood, Oh. 44107

FREE World Income Directory. Send \$2 for postage and handling. Trans-am, Box 574, Smithtown, N.Y. 11787

LONELY girls need men. Lonely men need girls. Photographs, descriptions. \$1.00. Ladysmith, Box 5686-H, Lighthouse Point, Fla. 33064

REVITALIZING Skin Food Oil. Safely, pleasantly erases wrinkles, pock marks, acne scars, stretch marks, from any skin. No peeling. Money back guar. \$3.00. Derma Diet, Dept. L, POB 906-A, San Mateo, Ca. 94403

MEN'S LIB! You may say "Yes" or "No" to women in your area. Our gals ready to make first move. Send just \$1.00 for personal communication: Inside Man, 3942 No. Central Ave., Dept. HR2, Chicago, Ill. 60636

EXPLICIT Slides, unprocessed films. Catalogue 50¢. HSP, Box 2187, Bramalea, Ont., Canada

SUPPLY money in your area. Share our profits 50/50. No experience needed. Write: Box 340, Smithtown, N.Y. 11787

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WHAT YOU SEE IS WHAT YOU GET

... so close you can nearly feel it & taste it! I love strong men & love them to love me. Send \$2. & I'll "come across" with some personal 4x5 pictures. Maybe we can "get together" later.



Write to: Susan Gates,
P.O. Box 17- B-303 Cannonsburg, PA. 15317

WE CAN HELP YOU

TURN ON

ANY GIRL YOU WANT!



... with a NEW placebo called **PERSUADERS**. A pinch in her food or drink and get ready for instant love-making. She'll be turned on for hours of wild passion and lots of lovin'. Works so fast you should take some yourself. No prescription. Extra strong and safe to use.

STAY HARD and CONTROL YOURSELF

... with **PETER PILLS**. Make male organ rock hard and help control ejaculation. This placebo can help restore vigor, potency and performance. Be **BIG** where it counts.

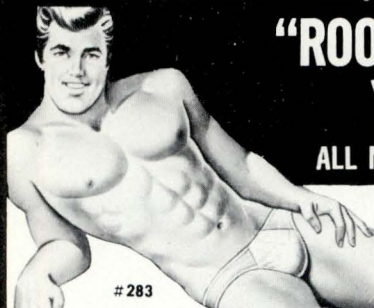
☐ **PERSUADERS \$5** ☐ **PETER PILLS \$5** ☐ **BOTH \$9**

DEPENDABLE Products Dept. 2452
6311 Yucca St. Hollywood, Calif. 90028

"ROOM TO KEEP YOUR COOL IN!"

10 DAY
MONEY BACK
GUARANTEE!

ALL NYLON 1-MINUTE WASH-DRY MONO-KINIS!



#283 You'll love to be loved in these custom sheer panel-kinis. The best for the most of you. Black, White or Nude. S-M-L. \$3.49 ea. 2 for \$6.49.

#286 A wild bit of jungle for the male animal! Muscle hugging design with french-legs to let you go ape with torrid pleasure. Jungle print. S-M-L. \$2.99 ea. 2 for \$5.88.

#207 V-Dip zip-front swim & brief marvels to mix fun with male power. A must for a man! Black, White or Nude. S-M-L. \$4.49. 2 for \$8.49.

#377 Sleek Adonis briefs that will give you sex-appeal no lover can resist. Built in support like never before. 40 denier. White, Blue, Peach or Gold. \$2.99 2 for \$5.88.

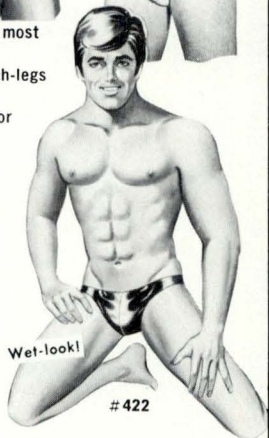
#422 The "wet-look" jersey nylon briefs that cling and hug every muscle, regardless of size. Fabulous in Black Seal. \$2.49 ea. 2 for \$4.88.

#19 A sling-shot cachette that is the briefest ever! Real man-size support for modeling, under your jeans or swimwear. White, Black or Nude. \$2.69 ea. 2 for \$4.88.



#49 The coolest brief yet, for the masculine taste in almost invisible next-to-nothing 15 denier tricot. For the continental man. White, Black, Helio, Mar Green or Nude. \$2.49 ea. 2 for \$4.88.

#105 Incredible design with dime-size opening that stretches open wide. Muscle hugging cut in Black, White or Nude. \$4.49 ea. 2 for \$8.50.



Regency Square, Dept. 2452
6311 Yucca, Hollywood, Ca. 90028

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Add 50¢ post. & hdl. ea. item plus 5% sales tax. Enclosed is \$ _____ Size _____ (S-M-L)
(PRINT NAME & ADDRESS CLEARLY ON ORDER.)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

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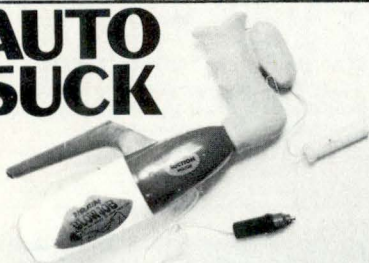
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SPECIAL PRISON ISSUE

PROFILE: JIMMY CARTER—What really lurks behind President Carter's shit-eating grin? Soledad inmate William Carter Spann, the rotten peanut in the Carter family, gives HUSTLER readers an exclusive, inside look beneath his Uncle Jimmy's thin, candy-coated shell. By Burton H. Wolfe

EXECUTIONS—If you think capital punishment is humane, you're dead wrong. Read how death row inmates expect to pay the piper in this article on legalized murder. By Jay Levin

PRISON REFORM—To a convict, prison reform is what a faggot is to a woman—a limp proposition. Ex-con and noted author Malcolm Braly analyzes the prison bureaucracy's simple-minded view of crime and its cure and prevention.

SEX AND THE CONVICT—Release from prison isn't the only release concerning the convict. May's SEX PLAY covers the various methods convicts employ to get their rocks off on the rock. By Michael James

ANCHORS—An ex-con cons his way into an aging hooker's life and discovers a different kind of prison he must escape, in May's HUSTLER fiction. By E. L. Gerdes.

SLAM—A wry, cynical cartoon look at the prison system—dedicated to those serving a "bit"—by one who's been there, HUSTLER's Humor & Cartoon Editor DWAIN B. TINSLEY

MINDY: \$PLIT FOR HOLLYWOOD and our May centerfold, NICOLE, will give your joint a double shake. JODY, our HUSTLER Honey with three nipples, will rouse you for a third go-round, and porn starlet SUZIE HUMPHREES: GRAND OPENING makes this issue a four-time winner.

KINKY KORNER—A young man broadens his sexual appetite and finds enormous pleasure when he lands a heavy date with a 200-pound waitress. By G. F. Shella

PLUS—The usual load of lopsided views and brilliant babble in BITS & PIECES, ADVISE & CONSENT, HUSTLER HUMOR, AMATEUR BEAVER HUNT, MAIL-ORDER FEEDBACK and HONEY HOOKER.

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